Peter Shaw
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The Iron Lady Wavers

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 17 **APRIL 1984** **NO. 4**

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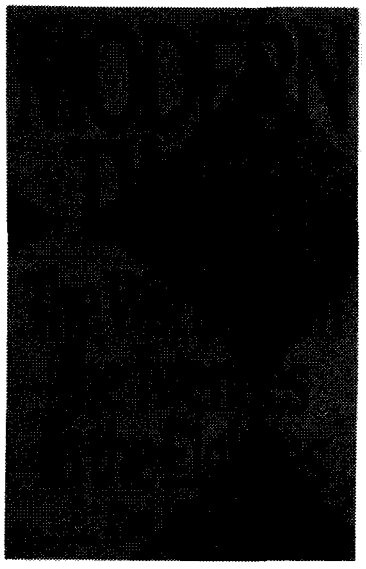

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Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

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"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

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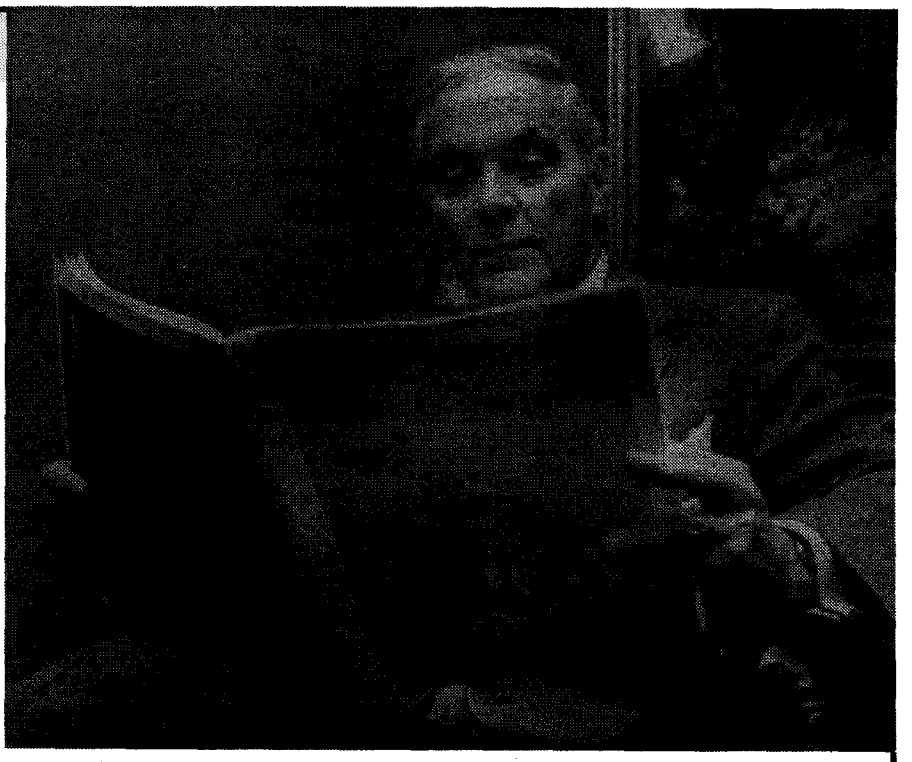

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•"Hymietown"? Did one of the giants of this great and democratic Republic in mid-February refer to the Big Apple as "Hymietown" and to Jews as "Hymies"? Well, between campaign appearances during which he regularly induced New Hampshire school children to chant Mussolini-like, "I am somebody," the Rev. Jackson indignantly dismissed charges that he had used such slurs during a powwow with reporters at Washington National Airport's Butler Aviation Terminal. Employing one of the most useful weasel words of the time, the moral bullhorn of Campaign '84 declared that he had "no recollection" of such a conversation. Was there a huge moral outcry in the media? Ahem, only the *Washington Post* pursued the matter. Here we saw the same media establishment that ran James Watt out of government for a very ambiguous sally avert its gaze from yet another anti-Semitic episode involving one of the Republic's civil rights mountebanks. What is more, this unsavory little piece of hypocrisy has taken place during a time when we are all being harangued by pontificators like the Rev. Jackson to be especially sensitive to racial and ethnic sensibilities.

•This really is a high moment in our national hypocrisy, a hypocrisy that features witch hunts for bigots led by mountebanks who view the world almost solely in racial terms, namely the mountebanks of the civil rights movement. Ever larger numbers of perfectly sensible black people are moving into the American middle class and are as free of racial oppression and of racial prejudice as a Rockefeller, yet the civil rights mountebanks insist on portraying the Republic as a land seething with degenerate white supremacists. Rather than admit that there are dignified blacks around like Navy Lieutenant Robert Goodman and his admirable father, they heave up a "Step 'n Fetchit" revised for the 1980s, a vulgar opportunist whose oratory is composed of infantile rhymes and whose claim to statesmanship is a series of inane slogans and cheers as apposite to political problems as advertisements for patent medicines are to curing leukemia.

•What we have here is a pack of typical American mountebanks being aided and abetted by Liberal racism, that esoteric prejudice that restrains Liberals from treating black Americans with the same respect accorded whites. Thus the Rev. Jackson is admired for just those assets he lacks: eloquence, liberality, learning, and integrity. He is portrayed as the American Churchill, though he gibbers rot such as: "We can move from the slaveship to the championship! From the guttermost to the uppermost! From the outhouse to the courthouse! From the statehouse to the White House." He associates with race fanatics like Black Muslims, and despite his holy certificate he winks often at the truth. Only on the last Sunday of the month did he finally admit that he had indeed used slurs in speaking of Jews. Why did he refer to Jews as "Hymies"? My guess is he could placate the Liberals by explaining that it is essential for a black presidential candidate to use anti-Semitic terms if he is to have any hope whatsoever of attracting anti-black voters. Of their 1980s Step 'n Fetchit the Liberals will believe anything.

•On February 1 President Reagan proposed a $925.5 billion budget for fiscal 1985. That is almost $200 billion above Jimmy Carter's last budget—and we still hear gasps over the "Reagan cuts." The Winter Olympics took place in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, and American commentators were not fooled by totalitarianism's smiling face. After duly noting the Communist achievement of keeping housing and medical costs to a minimum, they ripped away the Marxist facade to reveal the Red Horrors: air pollution and pandemic smoking in public places! Soviet medicine suffered another black eye when it was reported on February 10 that Mr. Yuri V. Andropov had become the first leader of an industrialized nation ever to die of a cold. Three days later Mr. Konstantin U. Chernenko succeeded him as General Secretary, and it will surprise no one to hear that he almost always wears a hat, even while sleeping with the comely Mrs. Konstantin U. Chernenko.

•From scenic Islamabad, Pakistan comes word that rioting male students, indignant over the government's attempt to segregate them from their cuties on public buses, have killed a bus conductor in the northern city of Lahore. In Reykjavik, Iceland, Finance Minister Albert Gudmundsson has been charged with keeping a dog. Since 1924 it has been *malum prohibitum* to keep dogs in this ancient city, and even untidy wives are viewed unfavorably. American imperialists suffered a shock when it was reported that Democratic presidential candidate Hugh Bagley was arrested on traffic violations five days before the New Hampshire Democratic primary. Mr. Bagley is the only candidate whose platform calls for annexation of Mexico, though many of the candidates believe it is time for America to begin returning territory.

•The Saudi Arabian newspaper, *Al-Jazirah,* urged Arabs to donate to the presidential campaign of the Rev. Jackson, and the country's greatest creator of art deco nudes, *Playboy*'s Mr. Patrick Nagel, died of a heart attack at a celebrity aerobics benefit to raise funds for the American Heart Association. Mr. Nagel, who at the time of his expiry was a full 26 years short of his average life expectancy, had worked out for about 15 minutes before the fatal seizure. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Mr. David Garabedian, a lawn-care expert now on trial on charges of having strangled a woman after surveying her garden, has pleaded that he was under the influence of pesticides and not responsible for his actions. Apparently after surveying his victim's garden he attracted her hostile attention by relieving himself on some potted plants, and as her vituperations mounted something in his theretofore serene mind, to use his words, "just snapped."

•On the culture front, composer Kirk Nurock scotched plans to compose his long-awaited *Sonata for Piano and Gold Fish* when his *Sonata for Piano and Dog* received mixed reviews at the University Center in Victoria, British Columbia. Imagine if he had premiered the piece in old Reykjavik! Ex-President Jimmy Carter flew to Australia after another painful stay in Emory University Hospital where he had hemorrhoid surgery in the presence of one of the finest brain surgeons in the state of Georgia. In Australia he cuddled a koala that left a mysterious stain on his shirt, causing him to smile toothily and reach for Rosalynn.

•In Corpus Christi, Texas, Dr. Jack Conlee has obtained legal relief from all the laughs and shrieks his flatulent breasts have caused around town. Dr. Conlee is the plastic surgeon who sued the McGhan Medical Corporation after many of the company's inflatable breasts began to leak once he had implanted them in his patients, and now

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a local Solomon has awarded him more than $11 million in damages. In Caldwell, Idaho, Miss Verna Simons was charged with second-degree manslaughter for dragging a gentleman from her car along Interstate 84. The Ku Klux Klan has expelled the number two Kluxian of the Chickasaw, Alabama klavern for inviting blacks to join in a local march and for employing a black lawyer to obtain a parade permit. And according to the *New York Times,* Mrs. Fannie Glass of Cruger, Mississippi says that it is after a rainfall that she most "misses having some dirt to eat." "When it's good and dug from the right place," Mrs. Glass attests, "dirt has a fine sour taste." According to the *Times* story, "For generations, the eating of clay-rich dirt has been a curious but persistent custom in some rural areas of Mississippi and other Southern states, practiced over the years by poor whites and blacks."

•In religious news *The American Spectator*'s renowned publisher, Mr. Ronald Burr, is responding to the clergy's repeated expressions of concern over world poverty by auspicating a contest, "Find the Fattest Bishop." Mr. Burr asks that each entrant weigh his candidate on a scale certified by the National Livestock Grower's Association and send the results plus a picture of the reverend entrant along with one of his recent outbursts on behalf of the world's poor and against the capitalist vice to Mr. Burr at his office in Bloomington, Indiana no later than April 30. What rewards Mr. Burr is offering he has not said, but rumor has it he will personally accompany the winner to a service presided over by the Archbishop of Indianapolis, Indiana, a violent opponent of every sort of capitalist indulgence and a gentleman whose legs hold up a monument weighing upwards of 21 stone.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Transcendental Journalism

"Traveling the Afghan Archipelago," by Matthew Stevenson (*TAS,* February 1984), would cause anyone to weep for the plight of the resistance fighters were there not an exhaustion of sorrow, pity, and rage from so many other victims of the Soviet "evil empire," which is a description lapidary in its exactitude.

My congratulations to Mr. Stevenson. He transcends journalism: "Nor could there be a better cover for both sides than a city of bazaars and narrow, cobbled streets through which intrigue passes as quietly as small boys with bare feet." Indebted, mayhap, to Emily D., yet marvelous just the same. The "long, precise gait of someone who has spent a lifetime climbing through mountain passes," however, though it rivets my imagination, persistently eludes definition there . . . would Mr. Stevenson elucidate? And when he invokes the (by Orwell condemned) "typical intellectual's stratagem, namely linguistic innovation," hasn't the tactic become so dishonest as to amount to linguistic neology?

That's a cavil. God bless Mr. Stevenson for reawakening us to a tragedy that national policy has all but closed its eyes to.

—F.R. Buckley
Camden, South Carolina

Poor Polls

Kudos to Tom Bethell for another great demolition job—this time on those pretentious hucksters and their contrived "polls" ("Entrail Reading," *TAS,* January 1984).

Those "well-respected" and "authoritative" national polls have about as much credibility as still another declaration by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

—Ted Humes
Phoenix, Arizona

Taxes and Conservatism

I don't know how long it has been since Lewis Lehrman ("A New Conservatism," *TAS,* January 1984) drew a paycheck. My check stubs show that the federal government took 6.7 percent (of the first $35,700) for social security alone. My employer paid another 6.7 percent. In addition the Internal Revenue Service withheld about 26 percent for a total of 39.4 percent of my pay going to the federal government.

Lehrman thinks we can give every family a $10,000 exemption, tax the remainder at 10 percent, and "produce the same revenue as our present system." No way.

This is the same wishful thinking that led another recent candidate to promise he would "cut taxes, increase defense spending, and balance the budget."

Certainly the tax system, the federal judiciary, and the monetary system need reforming but they will never be significantly altered under our present constitution. We need a constitutional convention to draw up new rules. Simplistic suggestions about tinkering with this or that only deludes people into thinking the present setup is workable. It is not.

—W.T. Insley
Warden, Louisiana

I would add to Lewis Lehrman's discussion of the flat tax that the taxpayer's personal exemption should be set by the welfare technocrats at Health and Human Services to correspond with the poverty level at a given family size. Thus the agency with the vested interest in seeing the number of poor be maximized would be reducing its own budget! The exemption would help government revenues be self-limiting!

—Ewin H. Barnett
Ashland, Missouri

It's True What They Say

Having lived in the Los Angeles area for only about a year (and hailing, prior to that, from the Show Me state) I read with special delight Benjamin J. Stein's "The Derationalized Zone" (*TAS,* January 1984). Thank goodness, I sighed in relief, it's not just me!

No more will I joke about old women who try to sweep back the sea with a broom; instead I will recall Californians who hire grown men to blow leaves off the sidewalk with gasoline powered engines.

Stein's article induced a strange sense of *déjà vu*: Somewhere, I was sure, I had read all of this before. Then it hit me—Walker Percy! Here are situations and conversations in which, I thought, only Binx Bolling, Will Barrett, or Tom More might find themselves. Alas, Stein fact is stranger than Percy fiction.

But there is hope. For example, some area public elementary schools are distributing a coloring book to their students explaining that nice boys and girls don't spray paint the walls or throw rocks into classroom windows. And, the gentle admonitions are printed in five different languages.

—Edward Peters
Claremont, California

The Jolliest of Journalists

All praise to Richard Brookhiser for bursting the bubble that was Chesterton ("The Everlasting Bore," *TAS,* February 1984). But no, I'm being too harsh. Salted peanuts is a better metaphor for that likable man: tasty in moderation, otherwise cloying.

—Neil McCaffrey
Pelham Manor, New York

Having followed the career of Richard Brookhiser since his first articles appeared in *National Review,* I was startled by his sophomoric sundering of G.K. Chesterton in the February issue. May I assure the condescending Mr. Brookhiser that G.K. is not "admired for what is weak and shoddy," at least not by his real admirers. Two examples of the "tawdry rhetoric accompanying tawdry thought" adduced by Mr. Brookhiser are *Orthodoxy* and *The Everlasting Man.* His criticism is like that of the dandy—his distaste for Chesterton's "tawdry rhetoric" is simply a matter of Brookhiser's personal stylistic preference, and not one "tawdry thought" is in fact *shown* to be tawdry. He thinks Chesterton writes "laboriously" and "is intensely tiring"; I think not. I find him scintillating and provocative. Will Bob Tyrrell now hire me to write a piece on "The Everlasting Manic"?

More bothersome is Mr. Brookhiser's surprise that G.K. would consider Catholicism "interchangeable" with Christianity. Is he suggesting that the oldest and largest body of Christians is historically not? I have re-read *Orthodoxy* since Mr. Brookhiser's lamentable foray into religious criticism and believe he has

(*continued on page 40*)

Author's Query

I am engaged in the task (both joyful and tearful) of collecting literary references pertaining to either the horror of abortion or, in the words of Gide, the "extraordinary beauty" or essential humanity of the unborn child. I am primarily interested in serious literary references (such as the reference from the journals of André Gide quoted above, and stanza 4 from Galway Kinnell's poem "There Are Things I Tell to No One"). I would appreciate the assistance of *American Spectator* readers in uncovering more of these literary references. Citations to or copies of references should be sent to me at the address below. Thank you.

—Professor Richard F. Duncan
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EDITORIALS

MORE BLACK CATS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Another black cat news story has been heaved across the Reagan Administration's path to glory. I speak, of course, of the diabolical "blacklist" that was drawn up by conservative pinheads at the USIA to alert all hands as to which dangerous liberals were to be barred from USIA tours. What makes this a black cat news story is that its presence is supposed to portend misfortune and possible doom for the administration, despite the fact that there is no logical reason that it should. After all, how many conservatives are sent on USIA tours by Democratic administrations? It is a mark of conservative political naiveté, rather than treachery, that they have to keep enemy lists. Being so much more ideological, most liberals do not have to keep lists. They recognize their enemies intuitively.

Truth be known Campaign '84 is shaping up to be a colossal bore. If any interest at all is to be sustained the black cat news stories thrown across the path of the Reagan Administration will have to be considerably more frightening, which is unlikely. Resourceful as our nation's investigative journalists are, the ominous stories that they have come up with over the past three years have been mere piffles, which exit the mind with impressive facility. Remember the portentous stories about the First Lady's humors or Caspar Weinberger's infamies or William Casey's investment portfolio. I know it is not easy, and to recapture the sense of horror that enhaloed these news stories is more difficult still. As scandals go all are about of the same magnitude as those 1981 reports about the new White House china.

Nor can we expect much digitalis from the fellow who is now en route to the Democratic nomination, to wit: Good-Boy Walter. He is as boring as an archbishop. In fact he is so boring that many voters consider him a moderate.

This is highly inaccurate. Except for his desire to maintain a military more awe-inspiring than that of the first Jefferson Administration, Good-Boy Walter is as far to the left as the George McGovern of Campaign '72. Though Washington correspondent Tom Bethell argues that he is further to the left, bearing in mind his positions on abortion, affirmative action, and his acquiescence in stupendously higher levels of government spending and taxation.

At any rate, Americans have heard it all before, savored its consequences in the Carter Administration, and indicated that they are not much fetched by it. Thus a coy Mondale has been going about the country intoning bromides, making pious promises, and crossing his heart. It is becoming very tedious. The only stirring moments come when he goes into his lament about how we suffer under the Reign of Reagan. Then he depicts us as living under conditions similar to those that characterized France just before the French Revolution. Is he our Robespierre? I doubt it. He spends too much time urging us as a nation to be good and to remember that he is very good. Not surprisingly he believes that the best way to be good is to vote for a goody-goody like him. His campaign pledges are fairness, national safety, and returning American business to competitiveness. Phew! This is the rough and tumble of American politics?

Admittedly, all this easygoing Messiah can do is appeal to our fears and vanities. He cannot appeal to our good sense, for under the Reign of Reagan things are turning out rather well. In January unemployment dropped to 8 percent, the sharpest decline in 30 years. Personal income rose 1.1 percent, much of it due to increased employment and longer work hours. Housing starts were up, and over the past year industrial production rose 15.1 percent. Moreover the most recent Gallup Poll indicates that the voters have gotten the message, and notwithstanding the lamentations of Mr. Mondale and his seven fellow Jeremiahs, the President's job approval rating has risen to 57 percent.

What will the Democrats' response in Campaign '84 be? Nothing very exciting I assure you. The only candidates offering something different from the discredited policies of the late 1970s finished at the end of the pack in Iowa, and we cannot expect much better from them in New Hampshire. Thus I am looking to the media to keep us alive to our civic duty this coming November 6. I urge more black cat news stories, and I would not be surprised to see the next one flung smartly into the path of Walter Mondale. Something must be done to relieve the growing tedium of this primary season. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

REFORMING THE ARTS

Last month in London one of the most important artists of the age expired, Tom Keating. He was 66. His talents were awesome, embracing the highest achievements of Rembrandt, Goya, Gainsborough, Constable, Degas, Renoir, and Turner. He had copied them all.

Keating painted fakes, as many as 2,000 during an astounding 25-year efflorescence of artistic genius. Earlier he had been a house painter. During World War II he was a stoker for the British navy. Then someone had the fine idea of giving this gifted man a grant to study art at England's Goldsmith College. It was to be the turning point. As with so many others who in the postwar period have had a fleeting encounter with higher education Keating became a marvelous imposter. Unfortunately, most art critics shunned Keating when in 1976 he admitted to his imitations in *The Fake's Progress.*

His pictures were flawless. So punctilious in detail was this highly principled artist that he would always leave a clue to his work's essential fraudulence. Never did he want his works to be muddled in with those of earlier masters, and so he would often use white lead to write his name or "fake" or some mild specimen of billingsgate on a canvas before beginning to paint. Under X-ray the word would show up.

This placated the art critics and collectors not at all. Their charge remained that Keating was a scoundrel, poisoning the world of art with bogus works. What galled the critics, of course, was that Keating had hoodwinked so many of them, revealing their basic pretentiousness. Moreover, all that he had to do was point his

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finger at one of the enormously expensive canvases hanging from the wall of some gallery or museum and the thing's value could plunge along with the reputations of all the establishment art experts who had conspired in its purchase.

This was not the first time that the eminent of the art world had spurned the confession of an art faker. In 1945 the Dutchman Van Meegeren confessed that a collection of beautiful Vermeers was from his own hand rather than that of Vermeer. The art world was heaved into a pother. There was embarrassment and fear. The critics had not wanted to know. It took the bewildered Van Meegeren's repeated and carefully documented assertions to prove his case, and then only after he publicly painted a splendid Vermeer under court supervision. Who says men thirst for truth? In the art world as elsewhere many fear and hate the truth. They have too much invested in its opposite.

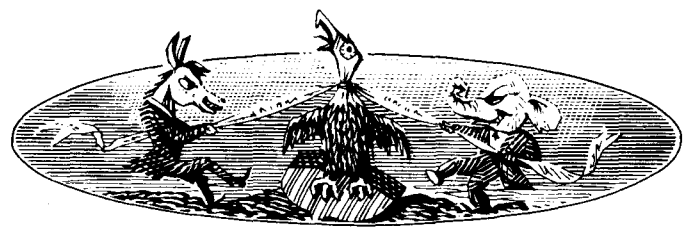
Keating was, as I have said, a particularly important artist as modern artists go. Though he obviously had the talent to spread oceans of vague colors across canvas after the fashion of the great de Kooning, Keating chose to do more. In a 1976 letter to the London *Times* he announced that he had "flooded the market" with his fakes "as a protest against merchants who make capital out of those I am proud to call my brother artists, both living and dead." So there you have it. The man was a reformer.

I wonder if it would have given the old man pleasure in his last days to know that one of America's most brilliant political scientists, Edward Banfield of Harvard, had written a book endorsing the underlying wisdom of Keating's rationale? In *The Democratic Muse: Visual Arts and the Public Interest* to be published this month, Banfield asks why original paintings sell for such enormous prices given the fact that geniuses like Keating can copy them so accurately that not even the experts can always detect a fake. His answer is that a painting's cost does not reflect its aesthetic value but rather its market value and that is determined solely by its rarity. He argues against public money going to support such inflated and questionable costs.

Absorbed as we are today with budget deficits, Congress ought to consider the wisdom and work of these men. Banfield questions all government spending on the arts. I would not go so far, but it is manifest that museums could save a lot of money if they had the policy of purchasing only high-grade fakes. Congress has done nothing that I have been able to detect about cutting government costs. Well let Congress reduce the cost of funding the arts and with no aesthetic loss whatsoever by merely insisting that the National Endowment for the Arts make its grants solely to those museums that henceforth purchase quality fakes. Museums are now willing to spend over a million dollars for one painting. A collection of 135 superb Keatings went for less than $150,000 at Christie's last year. Think of the savings!

If the rich wish to purchase originals let them set up their own museums. My guess is that art lovers will flock to see the fakes in greater numbers by far than those who go to see the originals. Everything about our age suggests it. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



A YANKOPHOBE'S DOUBTS

by Tom Bethell

In a recent issue of *National Review,* Brian Crozier had some interesting things to say about anti-Americanism in Europe, Britain in particular. The subject is well worth exploring in greater detail, and one senses that there is a great book to be written on the topic. Crozier suggests that anti-Americanism in Britain is recent, perhaps only really emerging with the Suez Crisis in 1956. This episode, in which President Eisenhower failed to support the famously "wet" British prime minister, Anthony Eden (thus underlining Britain's hitherto unsuspected dependence on the U.S.), "sparked a wave of anti-Americanism in the right wing of the Conservative Party, which still endures."

Furthermore, my impression is that anti-Americanism is now quite a bit stronger than it was when I left England in 1962. This is surely the case if my sister's letters are anything to go by. (From time to time she camps on Greenham Common, for those who have come late to this saga, and more recently appears to have been touring Britain in search of protests and demonstrations.)

Recently I wrote to her and told her that I was slowly coming around to her point of view about the American military presence in Western Europe. It was time for the U.S. to leave, I agreed. Indeed, we should pull out of NATO as well. I enclosed a William Safire column to the same effect. The Europeans were no doubt better judges of the Soviet threat than we were, I went on. And almost 40 years have elapsed since World War II. The Europeans were big boys and girls now, and surely should be able to make it on their own. No doubt there would be cries of dismay from some in Europe, just as there are always those who reach maturity but prefer the comforts and shelter of their parents' home to the unknown and frightening outside world. But we should not encourage this dependence. Therefore, let us leave NATO. No doubt also the American absence from Western Europe would mollify the Soviets, who would no longer feel threatened, "surrounded," et cetera. Thenceforth, everyone in Europe would live in peace and harmony. I was curious to see how she would react to this perfectly sincere conversion.

"Your letter came as a great surprise but I did not find it reassuring," she replied. "Quite the contrary." Some Americans might regard Europeans as "ungrateful," she could see. Here were the Americans "spending millions in the West's defense," and what was the response? "Protests and demonstrations." So now, it seemed, the latest response was the point of view expressed in my letter, which she discerned as "a trend of thought current but I hope not prevalent in America." This could be summarized as "Get out and let Europe stew in its own juice." →

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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"It is not so simple," she continued. "Although the Peace Movement is a strong and growing force—strong enough for enormous propaganda efforts to be made against it—it still does not speak for all Europeans. HOW I WISH IT DID!"

(I hate to interrupt, but I didn't quite get this point, which was not further explained. Was she saying that my suggestion was impracticable, because many Europeans still want the U.S. to stay on in Europe? If so, I agree that there are difficulties in practice, but in principle we should not be encouraging the natural desire of some to be taken care of by others. But her objection to a U.S. move out of Europe seemed to be tactical, not practical, and I looked further for a clearer argument.)

She continued: "Also, the protests should not be seen as anti-American but anti-Reagan and his warmongering generals. Don't believe that because I seem ungrateful, I am pro-Soviet and anti-American. I want peace, democracy, and freedom but I don't believe that nuclear blackmail and escalation give me any peace or that the use of military force promotes the cause of democracy."

(You can make a distinction between the Russian people and the Soviet rulers and their warmongering generals, because the Russian people are ruled by force; but you can't make much of a distinction between Reagan and the American people because they elected him. And if he is re-elected, the distinction will completely lack validity.)

But we seemed to be making no headway. Why did my sister—and you can be sure, the peace movement in general—want a continued American presence in Europe? Her letter went on: "How can we start de-escalating the nuclear weapons arsenal without a stabilizing conventional force in Europe? Hopefully, we would eventually be able to provide this ourselves as part of the continuous de-escalation process . . . "

Notice that there is a glimmer of recognition here that there really may be such a thing as a Soviet threat, not just a "nuclear threat" (as though these weapons tend to explode accidentally). Still, the logic of the European peace movement contradicts this notion. It is, after all, supposed to be Reagan's harsh, bellicose rhetoric that makes the Russians feel threatened and surrounded. If so, the removal of the Americans and all of their warmongering paraphernalia from West European soil should sufficiently calm the Kremlin gentry, and there would no longer be any reason for people like my sister to fear the Soviet army, *n'est ce pas?*

Of course, there would still be a problem, from the point of view of the peace movement, because such European leaders as Margaret Thatcher and Francois Mitterrand might opt to retain nuclear weapons. And notice that such weapons would tend to be trained on the Soviet Union—not on each other. (I doubt if my sister feels threatened by French bombs, the ancient enmity between France and Britain notwithstanding.) My response to this objection would be as follows: The peace movement cannot expect to win everything at once. Get rid of the Americans first. Then get rid of Margaret Thatcher—if you can. Vote for the Labour party, with its proposal for unilateral disarmament.

Then came the following paragraph, and it intrigued me. "I understand the temptations of isolationism—the world has grown too complicated and too dangerous. We're in a corner and would all like to cop out, but if America can't take the challenge there isn't much hope. If only Reagan would stop his vitriolic outbursts against the Russians. We need to learn to live in peace with them. If only we could stop piling unwanted nuclear weapons on Europe. They are weapons designed for a first strike and not revenge,

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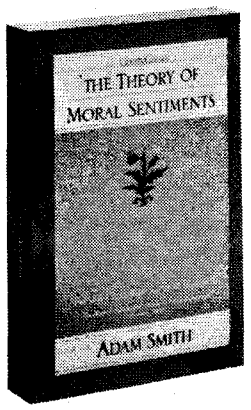

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although both concepts are morally indefensible. We need to take the first steps toward disarmament—risky and dangerous but there is NO ALTERNATIVE."

All right. The first step is for the Americans to get out of Europe. The West European governments could buy some of our weapons if they wanted to, but that would be the extent of our involvement.

You will notice that my sister did not really manage to explain why she is, on her own Reagan-the-Warmonger terms, so uneasy about the prospect of American withdrawal. And it is very hard to explain why she is, although one senses that there is an important kernel of truth hidden here, some key insight not yet clarified.

It is important to realize first that we are dealing here with "reasoning" that is less than fully conscious, involving as it does a highly emotional, collective movement. (At one point my sister wrote: "I find it hard to think of anything else. One of my friends in the women's peace group said: 'It's the first thing I think of when I wake up in the morning.' There are many of us who feel like this. It is a help to realize that such strong feelings of fear and anger are felt by so many others, and are signs of sanity, not insanity.")

This movement is made up of people, mostly women apparently, who for one reason or another feel strongly alienated from their own society, from their own country, from the West, from capitalism and all its works, from (in some cases) their spouses, who may have abandoned them in accordance with the unprinciples of sexual liberation; or, in other cases, from their religion.

Into the vacuum created by this loss of faith has rushed the age-old "vision," which is experienced in roughly this way: "There, dimly visible on that shining hill, in a new society . . . a society in which people no longer compete with one another, no longer struggle greedily to possess things. Everyone lives together in peace and harmony and cooperation . . . Why, there are not even any important differences between those people on that shining hill. They even tend to look alike . . . Everything is shared, and the best way to achieve this of course is to abolish the right to own things, the right to property. That way people will be *forced* to share . . . I mean, I know we don't want to use force but just in case some people try to get more than their fair share there will have to be a police force . . . at first . . . Later on it will wither away . . . " (The visionaries return to the beginning of the vision at this point.)

And now we have the Soviet Union, a material embodiment of this vision, and a police state. Of course, people like my sister just cannot see that the Soviet Union is the absolutely necessary, absolutely logical working out of such a vision in practice. Thus, the Soviet Union is genuinely despised for betraying the vision, for giving it a bad name. For that reason people like my sister become genuinely indignant when they are called Soviet sympathizers, or whatever. They really are not—although they *do* sympathize with the socialist principles that underlie the Soviet state and were responsible for its creation in 1917.

It is precisely this point—the contradiction between their support for socialist principle and their sense of betrayal by socialist practice—that the peace movement people and the coalition of the alienated cannot face up to. It spells CONTRADICTION and CONFLICT and it is painful even to think about. So they have responded by turning away from the problem and by coalescing around a different principle, that of anti-Americanism. In the 1930s these people might have marched under a Soviet banner. Today, as Crozier rightly points out, they march under an anti-American one. Anti-Americanism enables them all to march under the same banner, and to burn the same flag. And that, I am sure, is why my sister fears an American pullout from Western Europe. With Reagan gone, Bellicose Rhetoric Warmonger Reagan, what would the common enemy be? What principle would unite them? □

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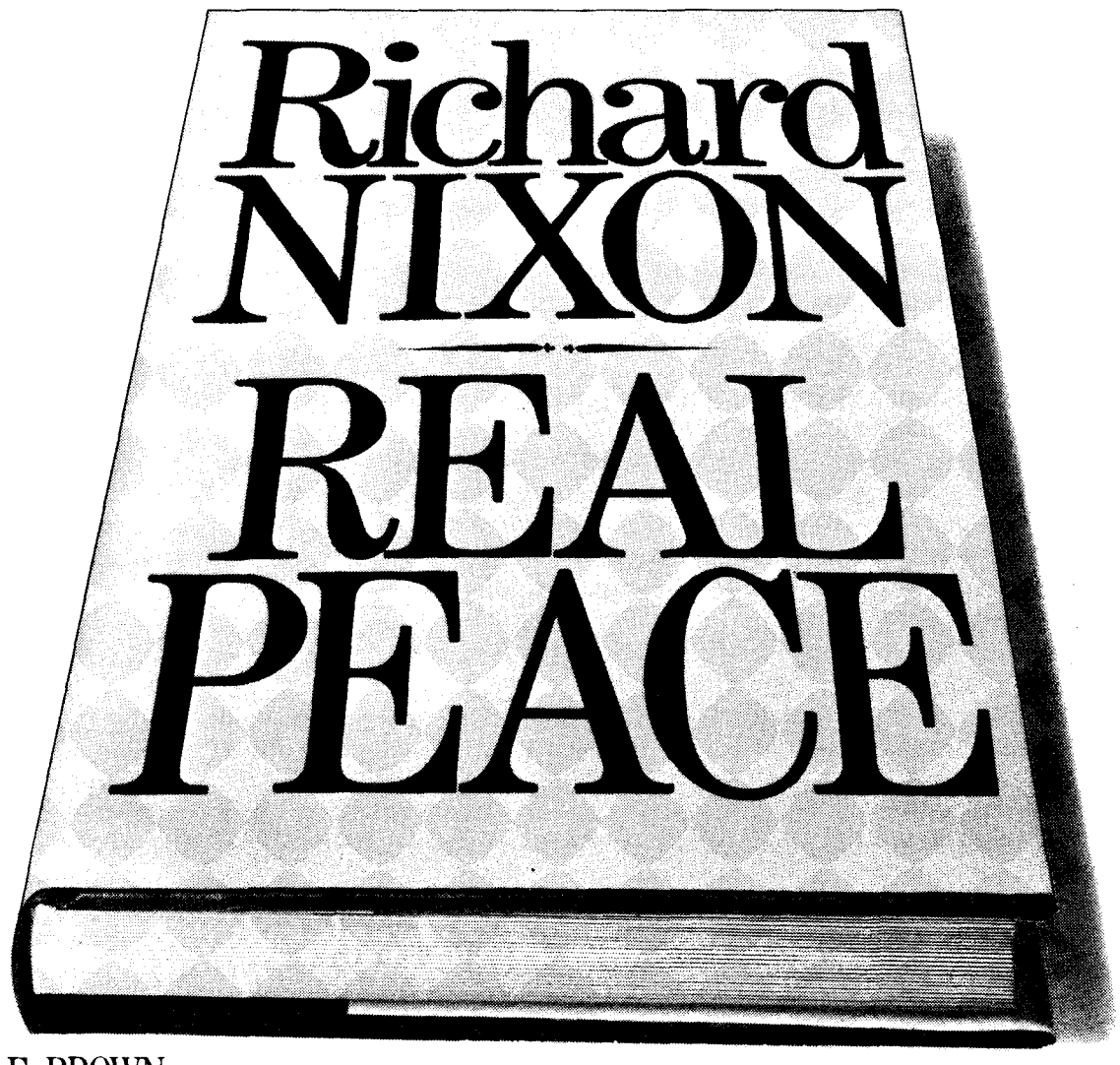

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Karl O'Lessker

HIGH FRONTIERS OF STRATEGIC DEFENSE

The fate of the earth could be survival.

With its request in the fiscal 1985 budget for $1.8 billion for development of a ballistic missile defense, the Reagan Administration has at last moved toward implementation of the most dramatic shift in U.S. strategic doctrine of the last two decades.

Almost twenty years ago, under the guidance of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Presidents Kennedy and Johnson decided to jettison the unchallenged nuclear superiority this nation had enjoyed since the dawn of the atomic era. We unilaterally froze the size of our strategic delivery systems (though not yet the number of warheads) and in effect invited the Soviets to catch up. In an unnervingly short time they did so—and then proceeded to surpass us in the single most critical area of nuclear warfighting capability, counterforce, which is the ability to strike at the other side's armed forces, as opposed to countervalue, the other side's cities and industries. The SALT I and ABM treaties sanctioned the new imbalance and did nothing to discourage the Soviets from increasing it as fast as they could; predictably, they did. SALT II would merely have set the Russian superiority in legal concrete. And now today the USSR enjoys so great a preponderance in offensive strategic nuclear weapons that it stands on the threshold of being able to launch and win a nuclear war against the U.S.

But now President Reagan has decided to proceed with development of a strategic defense system to shield our retaliatory forces against a Soviet surprise attack. That decision not only discards the reigning doctrine—mutual assured destruction, or MAD—of the last twenty years, it represents the first step toward abrogation of the ABM treaty of 1971. When the arms control community and its human megaphones in the news media figure out the implications of the new Reagan policy, the ensuing uproar will make the eruption of Mt. St. Helen's sound by comparison like the popping of a toy pistol. But it is difficult to see how the President could have done otherwise, given the appallingly dangerous situation we now find ourselves in *vis-a-vis* the Soviets.

According to the now-familiar scenario that haunts American defense planners, the Soviet Union could launch a surprise attack on our ICBM silos, bomber and submarine bases, and command and control centers, with a high probability of destroying up to 90 percent of our ICBMs, 70 percent of our long-range bombers, and about half of our nuclear submarines. And they could accomplish this by using less than half of the 6,170 warheads presently installed on their ICBMs (not including their more than 1,800 submarine-launched ballistic missile warheads and some 300 nuclear bombs carried by intercontinental bombers). The U.S. would still be left with well over 2,000 warheads on our own nuclear submarine fleet—more than enough to devastate every large and medium-sized city in the USSR. Surely sufficient to deter the Kremlin from any such surprise attack?

Not as surely as we should like. The problem lies in all those unused warheads in the Soviet arsenal, especially the 3,000 or so on their SS-18 and SS-19 ICBMs. Our Minuteman II force having been effectively wiped out by a surprise attack, we would have no way to strike at the rest of their warheads; the present generation of SLBMs lacks the necessary accuracy for counterforce use. We would then have only the options of devastating their cities at the cost of even greater devastation to our own—or of surrendering. It seems highly improbable that any American President would, or indeed should, choose the former. The hard demographic fact is, our population is far more concentrated than theirs (half of all Americans live in 100 cities, half of all Soviet citizens live in 1,000 cities) and wholly lacking in anything resembling civil defense. And because of the advantage accruing to the attacker, their leadership would be well out of the line of fire by the time our retaliatory warheads started falling. So while an all-out nuclear exchange would be disastrous for the USSR, it would be—literally—suicidal for the U.S. From such equations as this deterrence does not flow.

Nor will the addition of the MX missile to our strategic arsenal add much, if at all, to deterrence against a surprise attack. There are ample reasons for us to go ahead with deployment of a larger, more accurate ICBM. But MX will be no less vulnerable to a surprise attack than the present Minuteman II; MX will simply replace Minuteman in the same silos, rather than in the sort of mobile basing mode advocated by the Carter Administration.

These facts of Soviet strategic superiority, especially in counterforce capability, are what impels the Reagan Administration toward a new doctrine: strategic defense. Some way must be found to ensure the survivability of our land-based ICBMs against a surprise attack; for only then can we be confident of deterring such an attack. But how is that to be done? There are only two practicable ways: One is to make our ICBMs mobile (as of course they are on submarines), thus complicating impossibly the attacker's targeting problems; the second is to defend them against enemy missiles by some sort of ballistic missile defense system (BMD).

Karl O'Lessker is senior editor of this journal and professor of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University.

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The problem of devising a feasible mobile basing mode for our ICBMs has so far proved insoluble. Rightly or wrongly, the present administration derided and then abandoned the "race track" system proposed by its predecessor. The Scowcroft Commission then came up with the plan, now adopted, to deploy MX in existing Minuteman silos. So while in theory at least the option of a mobile basing mode remains available, in practice the administration has discarded it, leaving us with devising some form of missile defense as the way to restore deterrence.

But we should not view this as having to make the best of a bad bargain, for a BMD has one decisive advantage over missile mobility: It can protect cities as well as silos. And while our immediate concern is to protect our retaliatory forces against a surprise attack—an attack which only the Soviet Union will be capable of launching for the foreseeable future—the day may not be too far off when other, less technologically advanced nations might acquire the capability to hurl nuclear-tipped rockets at our cities. A BMD can protect us against that sort of threat as well as against any Soviet threat arising out of a failure of deterrence.

It was in this context that President Reagan in March 1983 announced the beginning of a "long-term research and development program" to develop a BMD. That announcement was greeted with howls of anger and derision by all the advanced thinkers of Liberaldom. "Star Wars!" they cried. "Reagan the Space Cowboy!" Editorial cartoonists of the intellectual weight and scientific acuity of Herblock and Oliphant had a perfectly glorious time of it, while editorial writers and columnists clucked their tongues over Mr. Reagan's inability to comprehend that any move toward strategic defense is bound to be "destabilizing."

Undaunted, the President set up a senior interagency task force to explore the feasibility of a space-based BMD. Headed by former NASA director James C. Fletcher, it issued its report last October, concluding that "with vigorous technology development programs, the potential for ballistic missile defense can be demonstrated by the early 1990s." And it foresaw deployment of a multilayer BMD by the year 2000 at an aggregate cost of $92 to $94 billion. The first significant down payment—$1.8 billion—on that investment has now appeared in Mr. Reagan's budget request for FY 1985.

President Reagan has decided to proceed with development of a strategic defense system to shield our retaliatory forces against a Soviet surprise attack.

There are essentially two approaches to acquiring a BMD. One involves a sort of "quick fix," utilizing off-the-shelf technology to put a ground-based BMD in place within as little as two years and the first layer of a space-based system by the end of the decade. Neither involves nuclear or other "exotic" weaponry (lasers, particle beams, etc.); both are well within our range of capability. This is the approach that has been designed and is being pushed by Project High Frontier, a team of scientists, engineers, and military analysts headed by Lt. Gen. Daniel O. Graham (USA-ret.), former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency and deputy director of the CIA.

The other, longer range approach envisions a space-based defense employing one or more exotic technologies, with enemy missiles being intercepted and destroyed from space by, say, high energy laser beams fired from orbiting satellites.

In strategic terms, the two approaches are alike in one great respect but significantly different in another. Their similarity is doctrinal: Both involve the fundamental switch from MAD to MAS, or mutual assured survival; and both would involve abrogation of the ABM treaty. The crucial difference between them, of course, is timing: High Frontier puts a BMD in place—and one dependable enough to restore deterrence—within two years; the Fletcher Commission approach leaves open the window of vulnerability for the rest of the decade, until we can close it with deployment of the new generation of Trident submarines.

As striking as that difference may appear to be, what matters most is that the longer-range approach by no means precludes an immediate commitment to High Frontier. On the contrary: As detailed in his most recent book[1] and in several earlier reports, Gen. Graham and his collaborators assume deployment of a second layer of space-based defense of just the sort envisioned by the Fletcher Commission.

The total BMD system now advocated by the High Frontier group looks like this:

First, and most readily available, is the ground-based "point defense" system. It can take a variety of configurations but the likeliest, called SWARMJET, consists of two major components: low-cost, range-only radars a couple of miles downrange of the missile silos to be protected; and swarms of small, non-nuclear rockets, one to three inches in diameter and 10 to 15 inches long, fired from launchers in one-second bursts and intercepting incoming warheads at an altitude of perhaps 4,000 feet. The combined kinetic energy of the warhead and the swarmjet rocket is so great that a single one of the latter would destroy the former upon impact. In order to achieve an 85 percent probability of destroying a given warhead, the system would need to launch somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 rockets against it. But they are simple and cheap to manufacture and would be readily available in any numbers we desire.

In the face of an all-out attack, the kill probability would necessarily drop well below 85 percent. Still, even if we lowered it to a very conservative 40 percent estimate, and with two Soviet warheads targeted on each Minuteman silo, some 270 of our ICBMs could be expected to survive—in itself a formidable counterforce deterrent to a Soviet surprise attack. Most importantly, this sort of point defense system is comprised almost entirely of off-the-shelf technology and could be deployed within a matter of two years.

The second BMD layer would be based in near-space, some 250 to 350 nautical miles above the earth, consisting of orbiting platforms, or "trucks," moving in circular orbits inclined at 65 degrees to the equator. High Frontier envisions 432 such trucks, each carrying up to 50 self-propelled rockets, plus the computer, sensor, and communications package that would enable the rockets to attack Soviet missiles in their lift-off or boost phase at distances up to 1,000 miles. Each rocket would be capable of achieving a velocity of 3,000 feet per second relative to the truck, aggregating to a velocity of almost 22,000 miles per hour—a speed at which, as Gen. Graham likes to say, an *aspirin tablet* could shatter an ICBM.

High Frontier's preliminary engineering studies indicate an awesome 90 percent kill probability for such a space-based BMD. But even if it were much lower—say 50 percent—it would, in conjunction with point defense, ensure the survivability of far more U.S. missiles than Soviet planners would risk coping with in the aftermath of a surprise first strike. In Gen. Graham's perhaps overoptimistic view, this first generation of a space-based BMD could be deployed before the end of the decade. But even if not—even if he erred by two or three years—we have every incentive to go ahead with it as quickly as possible, because any such space-based system has two decisive advantages over point defense: One is that by destroying an enemy missile in its boost phase we destroy not just one ballistic missile but as many as *ten* nuclear warheads, all independently targeted (or MIRVed). The second great advantage is that such a system defends cities as well as missile silos—an almost impossible task for point defense—and thus adds in effect a second order of deterrence against any Soviet blackmail threats against our population centers.

The third phase of High Frontier's total BMD involves the sort of exotic technologies envisioned in the Fletcher Commission report: high-energy lasers, particle beams, high-power microwaves, or electromagnetic pulse weapons. One or more of these, in conjunction with improved sensors that can pick up a missile's heat after

[1]Daniel O. Graham and Gregory A. Fossedal, *A Defense that Defends*. Devin-Adair, $17.50.

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its engines have stopped and the missile itself has cooled, would greatly increase the range within which we could be confident of destroying enemy missiles. Though a number of difficult technological problems remain to be solved, both High Frontier and the Fletcher Commission see this third layer of BMD as deployable within 15 or 16 years.

I should perhaps emphasize that none of the three layers, or indeed all three together, is contemplated as being "leakproof." In the catastrophic event of an all-out Soviet nuclear attack on the U.S., some warheads would undoubtedly reach their targets. The simple point (though not simple enough for Robert McNamara to grasp; he always insisted that a BMD was not worth having unless it could be designed to be 100 percent effective) is that a nuclear surprise attack would be risky even in the best of circumstances, and so the existence of even a modestly effective BMD would provide all the deterrence we could ever hope for in an imperfect world. Put another way, Soviet war planners would risk launching a counterforce first strike *only* if they could see a high probability of wiping out almost all our retaliatory power. But a BMD would make that an unattainable goal.

The estimated $90 to $100 billion cost of such a system has of course provoked cries of outrage from opponents of a BMD. Far more oddly, it led to testimony before a congressional subcommittee last November by the administration's own Pentagon research chief, Richard DeLauer, warning darkly about the "staggering" costs we must be prepared to accept. As Dr. DeLauer was himself a member of the Fletcher Commission, these pangs of fiscal conscience on his part are not easily explained.[2]

Whatever the causes, such cost-consciousness somehow lacks the force of conviction. At least one response is in order, however. Granted, $90 to $100 billion spread over 15 years is a lot of money even by federal government standards. But in cost/benefit terms—the benefit in this case being the elimination of any real possibility of nuclear holocaust—that amount of money is derisorily low.

Clearly, then, the fundamental question about acquiring a BMD is not technological or financial but strategic: Would our security interests be better served by continuing to pursue arms control within a strategic context of mutual assured destruction or by seeking to make ourselves invulnerable to nuclear attack and rendering arms control nice but inessential?

For the past two decades the weight of doctrine has rested on the side of the former and we even entered into a treaty explicitly rejecting the latter. But no one, I think, would argue that we are more secure today as a result of SALT I and the ABM treaties; and all subsequent arms control efforts have ended in failure. By itself, this fact of diplomatic stalemate should not be taken as a decisive argument against further negotiations. But given their highly unpromising character over the past several years and for the foreseeable future, we ought at a minimum to explore other paths to enhance security.

The quest for nuclear invulnerability might appear to be the likeliest path—at any rate the Reagan Administration has now taken the first tentative steps in that direction. But there is one compelling argument against it and not so easily dismissible as some proponents of a BMD would like to think. It is this: In view of the utterly decisive advantage we would gain from being the first to acquire nuclear invulnerability, the Soviets might well regard it as an intolerable threat to their own security—and act accordingly. This of course is the hard kernel of reality embedded in the cant word "destabilizing" that opponents of a strong America so tirelessly use. But it is important that we do not ignore the reality while dismissing the rhetoric.

High Frontier's preliminary engineering studies indicate an awesome 90 percent kill probability for a space-based BMD.

Like it or not, the Soviets no less than we are committed to never allowing the other side to gain a truly decisive strategic advantage. For our part, we can hardly doubt the consequences of a breakthrough that would render the Soviet Union wholly invulnerable to a nuclear attack: They would take over, or at the very least Finlandize, the world. Nor can we doubt that, if the roles were reversed, and though not even the maddest of them could suppose that any American President would use such an advantage to dismantle the Soviet empire and de-Communize the world, they would see it as an irredeemable setback to their hopes and efforts of the last forty years. Or to put it more directly, we have to proceed on the assumption that Soviet leaders, if faced by a likely prospect of our achieving nuclear invulnerability before they do, would do whatever they could to prevent it. And that "whatever" might well include a preemptive nuclear strike along the lines of the nightmare scenario sketched at the beginning of this essay.

So runs the "destabilizing" argument against our acquiring a BMD. For all its weight and seriousness, it can be countered by at least one large fact and one bold proposal. The fact—not only large but decisive—is that the Russians are hard at work on developing their own BMD; we have plenty of evidence as to the significant advances they have made in everything essential to an operational BMD, from radars to space platforms to lasers. The alternative to developing an American BMD is not "stability" but surrender, and in the not too distant future.[3]

No doubt that is all the reason we need to move ahead on a BMD program, but it still doesn't dispose of the fear that an early success on our part might drive the Kremlin to desperate acts. Here is where an idea first suggested by President Reagan and subsequently endorsed by former President Nixon and Gen. Graham holds greatest promise of defusing the risk of a preemptive strike: We should offer to cooperate in the development and share the technology of a BMD with Soviets, so that both sides would acquire it, in effect, simultaneously and neither side would enjoy the incalculable advantage of unilateral invulnerability. In that way, nuclear war would become not only "unthinkable" but unwageable.

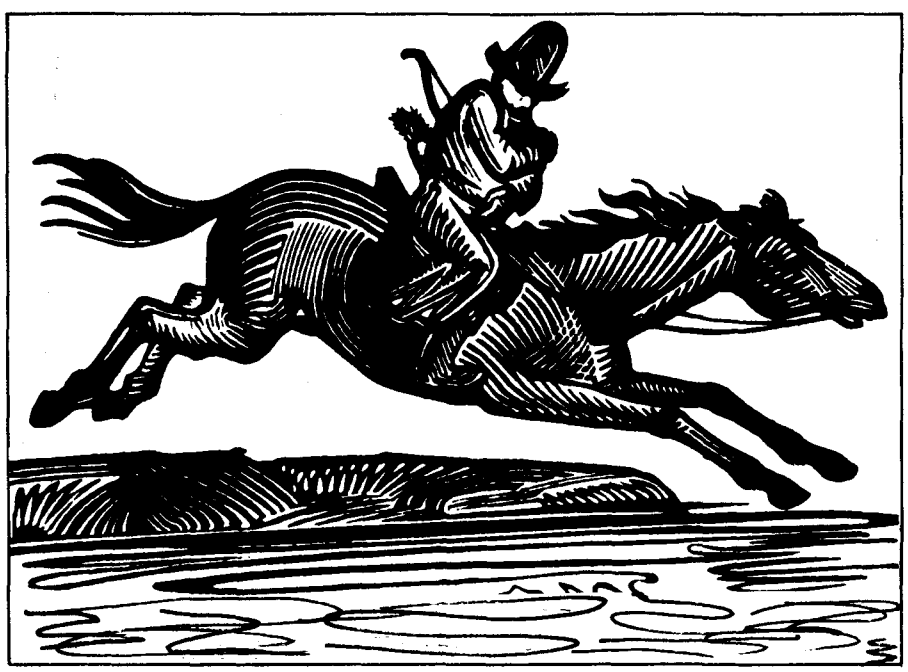
Would the Russians accept such an offer? We cannot know until we make it. But there are plausible reasons for thinking they would. The first is that, whatever their ultimate aims for world hegemony, they have an overriding interest in avoiding nuclear war. They would risk it only if they had a very high degree of confidence that the U.S. would cave in rather than fight (this being the fundamental purpose of Soviet support for the "peace movement") or if they saw it as the only way to prevent the U.S. from gaining a literally unchallengeable nuclear superiority (the likeliest outcome of our successful development of a BMD). Absent either of these conditions, the Soviets will not risk nuclear war.

The second reason for thinking the Kremlin may well accept our offer to share an antinuclear technology flows from the first. They can be under no illusion about our technological superiority. They know that in a race to the High Frontier, we would get there first. And this is an outcome that would leave them with the most hideous of Hobson's choices: a restoration of America's unchallengeable nuclear superiority or a possibly suicidal effort to prevent it.

Under these circumstances it is clear the Soviets will use the full weight of their propaganda and diplomatic apparatus to try to delay American development of an antinuclear capability. We may be sure they will

[2]Some insight into the Byzantine bureaucratic ways of the Pentagon on this issue may be gleaned from two recent articles: Gregory A. Fossedal, on the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal* of Dec. 1, 1983; and William H. Gregory, "Reagan's Space Challenge," *Aviation Week & Space Technology,* Jan. 30, 1984.

[3]Isn't it odd how it's always the U.S., never the Soviet Union, that does "destabilizing" things? MX is destabilizing, but not the gigantic SS-18 to which it is a belated response. Pershing II is destabilizing, but not the SS-20 to which it is a partial counter. And now an American BMD would be destabilizing, but not a Russian.



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call upon all their witting and unwitting allies in the West to forestall commitment to the program (while they of course plunge full speed ahead with their own). And they will at the same time put on a diplomatic full-court-press at least as determined as the one they mounted to prevent deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe. But barring a Democratic landslide in the '84 elections, neither strategy seems likely to succeed.

A third reason for thinking the Russians may well agree to joint development of a BMD is one that Richard Nixon pointed to in a recent *Wall Street Journal* interview: "They are awfully afraid of China, or some Third World country, getting hold of a few nuclear weapons, and we should be too." As noted earlier, a space-based BMD can defend cities as well as missile silos—and against Chinese or Libyan missiles as well as against Soviet or American. This is not a negligible consideration for any of us, but especially not for the men in the Kremlin with their obsessive fear of the Chinese behemoth.

All told, the incentives for the Soviets to accept our offer seem to me to far outweigh any reasons they might have to reject it. And by the same token, it would be as well for us to share a BMD with them as it would be to gain what could only be a short-lived advantage in having it first—at the risk of precipitating a Soviet preemptive strike. No doubt both nations would continue to seek ways to regain the strategic edge that each once held for a few years. But surely the chances of achieving genuine arms *reduction,* rather than some illusory form of arms control, would be greatly enhanced in a world in which no one's finger rested nervously on the nuclear button. □

Yale and Rita Kramer

THE NARCISSIST GENERATION HITS THE SCREEN

From beads to neo-Babbittry, the 1960s crowd ages.

Count on Hollywood these days to provide the cutting edge of American morality.

The time we've come to call the sixties has assumed a special place in the national consciousness, but nowhere has this period received a more impressive—a more persuasive, and therefore ultimately corrupting—treatment than in *The Big Chill.* A film that made just about everybody's list of the Ten Best of 1983, and nominated for several Academy Awards including best picture and best original screenplay, it is a wistful look back at the sixties from the vantage point of the eighties.

In the old days things were different in Hollywood. The studios were not in the morals business. Profit with an *f,* principal with an *a,* they told their directors and writers. When values appeared in the old studio productions they were there more to lift the moral tone of the studio than that of the audience. Bleary-eyed from three hours of a double feature and stuffed with a Mounds bar and a box of Raisinets, one could leave the theater after a movie like *The Life of Emile Zola* with a sense of moral uplift instead of just a lot of extra calories. The sleek fat old boys who ran the studios in those days were shrewd psychologists and therefore pragmatic moralists. They understood that they were there not to preach but to comfort. They knew that their audiences wanted to be titillated with a little sex and violence and that the whole point of the exercise, the trick of the thing, was for the viewer to experience sin and end up feeling virtuous. This they understood well, the studio bosses. Although movies in those days had a moral point of view, their intention was not to be morally visionary but only morally comforting, so that pleasure was possible without guilt. In those far-off innocent days, movies had no moral pretensions.

The Bicycle Thief, alas, changed all that. Films became art. European directors became *auteurs* and as such became specialists in high seriousness: Bergman in the darker side of human nature; Truffaut in appearance and reality; Fellini in fantasy and the grotesque, Resnais in epistemology—philosophers, moralists, all. Happily, until recently the most important American directors felt under no compulsion to take themselves so seriously.

Lawrence Kasdan, however, a relatively new directorial talent, has made the transition from entertainer to moralist in one quantum leap. His earlier movie *Body Heat,* released in 1981, was a neat little thriller with a twist in the tradition of *Double Indemnity.* It was clever, skillfully directed, cinematic; a movie out of the golden past. It deserved a two-Mounds-bars-rating.

The Big Chill is in another league. It was clearly meant to be a big movie. Significant. With something to say about the Human Condition.

The plot of *The Big Chill* is a variation on the class-reunion situation. A group of friends, separated since the end of their college days, meet for the funeral of the leader of their old campus group, a one-time radical activist who has killed himself. After the funeral they stay on together for a kind of house-party at the home of two of the group who are married. They reminisce about—and in some cases renew—old rivalries and old romances. They talk about their lives—mostly in terms of disappointments and disillusionments—and about their dead friend.

When a movie opens with a death or a funeral, like *Citizen Kane* or *The Third Man,* one expects that the central character will turn out to be the dead one and that the development of the story will reveal that central character and the events that led up to his death. This is not the case in *The Big Chill,* because Kasdan is not quite as interested in telling a story and revealing character as in instructing his audience in the nature of the good life. As in allegory, then, it is not necessary

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to have real characters but only characters that suggest types. Thus Alex, the suicide, although he is mentioned constantly throughout the film, never materializes as a real character. One gets vague and indistinct references to him, fragmented parts of a disembodied spirit. Alex, brilliant, a promising young scientist, somehow cast adrift in a cruel world, was, one of the characters says, "too good for the world." By turns he seems to have been too good for physics, social work, construction work, or work of any sort. Eventually he moved in with Harold and Sarah, to whom he showed his gratitude by making this terrible bloody mess in their bathtub. That's about all we know about Alex. Not very convincing as the charismatic individual around whom this group of seven crystallized into an undergraduate revolutionary group.

Of perhaps greater importance in the parable are Harold and Sarah. Mr. and Mrs. Good Parent. Harold is a saint; an affable, easygoing, handsome, modest saint. He is a patient man, accepting of his wife's demands (about which more later) and forgiving of the imperfections of those around him. He bathes the kids in the evenings and is not only an equal partner in housekeeping chores, but a business tycoon as well, the owner of a chain of stores that sell running gear—although it is true that there is very little to suggest that this is so except for the fact that he is seen jogging in several scenes. Harold is indeed something of an economic and psychological miracle. To combine the gentleness and generosity of spirit that he displays to his friends and family and to be a tycoon effortlessly at 35 is about as credible as the films of the forties which starred some dish like Lana Turner as a philosophy professor.

One gets no sense that tycoon Harold would know what to do in the face of a cost-profit squeeze. Or has ever faced a situation like his five-million-dollar loan coming due next week and having to be turned over at a full percentage point higher rate. One can't see the faintest hint of concern over such matters as just having learned, let's say, that three of his stores have proved to be unprofitable over the last six months, confronting him with the disagreeable choice of spending a hundred thousand dollars in advertising or closing down the stores and losing two hundred and fifty thousand in a long-term lease; or having received the news that his own brand of running shoes manufactured in Hong Kong will be two months late in arriving for the new season and that his chief competitors thereby will be able to cream off the best of the market. No, Harold doesn't seem to think about his business much. What he does think about are his friends, to whom he is not above giving illegal insider stock tips so they can make a little extra bread.

Sarah too is only nearly perfect. A mother of two, beautiful, intelligent, handsomely dressed (L.L. Bean and Bloomingdale's), generous (offers her whole house for the weekend to several friends—and that's not all), infinitely understanding, tolerant, and a doctor to boot. Sarah is a doctor the way Lana Turner was a philosophy professor and Harold is a tycoon. Except for a little black bag prop, she doesn't think, talk, or act any more like a doctor than your grandma. She doesn't seem at all concerned about any critically ill patients; she never gets any phone calls from patients or from the hospital. We just have to take it on faith that the pair of them, the doctor and the tycoon, are authentic.

One wondered at first why Dr. and Mr. Perfect Parents had to ship their kids off from this huge, comfortable house that sleeps at least twenty. It to pack the real kids off to a G-rated screenplay.

One more thing about Sarah and Harold. Somewhere along the line Sarah has had an affair with the dead man, Alex, about which she is neither remorseful nor ashamed but only rueful. Good old Harold seems to have accepted Sarah, her little peccadillo with Alex and all, another example of his greatness of heart. But of course Harold's finest hour is still to come—and we use the verb advisedly.

Rueful is also the word for the cynical, disillusioned veteran, part drug-addict, part drug-dealer, played by William Hurt. We watch him snorting cocaine, passing out 'ludes, being handsomely detached. He has been through the war and been wounded and now he is impotent and Nam has done this to him. So who can blame him for his addiction, for his drug dealing, for the fact that his life is ruined and that he colludes in the ruination of others? With the right amount of good looks, cynicism, wit, and ruefulness we are led into the willing suspension of our disapproval.

Lawrence Kasdan is not quite as interested in telling a story and revealing character as in instructing his audience in the nature of the good life.

dawned, then, that for one thing it would shatter one of the basic illusions of the film to have real children presenting real problems as children naturally do. When children are naughty or cranky or obstreperous or impossible all parents, however perfect, eventually reach their level of intolerance and institute various forms of sanctioned aggression and punishment. No big deal. It represents the ebb and flow of real family life. But reality would betray one of the false gods of the sixties still worshiped by Hollywood visionaries—the Perfect Parents who provide all, understand all, and forgive all.

To complicate matters, Harold and Sarah would be in a contradictory fix trying to function as parents to their natural children while being perfect parents to their symbolic children, the guests in their house. As arbiters of right and wrong, good and bad, permissible and impermissible, they accept a weekend full of polymorphous perverse activities—from cocaine and quaaludes to mix-and-match adultery—as perfect parents to their friends. But how could they expose their real kids to all this hanky-panky? The only way to ensure their parental perfection for both sets of children is

With wryly self-deprecatory humor the characters in *The Big Chill* define themselves in terms of what they have lost, what they regret, in an Arcadian past only dimly outlined for us: They had ideals (what were they?), they had hopes for themselves and the world (unspecified). But perhaps the least opaque character is the lawyer, Meg, who knows when and why she sold out (she gave up being a public defender when she discovered the criminals she was defending were—well, sleazy types), what has disappointed her most (men), and what she wants most (a child). She has made a Basic Life Decision. She has decided to get one of her old school chums to impregnate her as a favor—no strings attached. We are invited to see her, warmhearted, generous, laughing through the tears, as she is seen by her friend the doctor, den mother to them all.

And seeing this, we should understand what follows, a perversion of a universal fantasy presented as though it were charming humorous sitcom material. Doctor-mother-wife asks her husband (the idealist turned businessman) to make it possible for Meg to have that baby she's been wanting so badly. Now there's hospitality for you.

There is one character, an outsider to the group, who is made to speak for the ordinary life of the middle class, for the traditional values of working to get ahead, establishing a home for one's children, nurturing the young. And as you would expect, he is the one thoroughly unsympathetic character at the party. Contemptible. The kind of man who wears a collar and tie during the day and pajamas at night. It is a great relief to all when, party-pooper that he is, he turns his back on his romantic wife's clever friends to go back home to his job and keep an eye on the kids.

Where the others unpack such totems as a copy of *The Basic Kafka,* he places a snapshot of his sons on his night table alongside his bottle of Maalox. A dead giveaway to where *he's* at. Before he leaves us and the movie forever, he proves his inability to comprehend either the meaning of Alex's life and the moral of his taking it or the special qualities of Alex's friends. Sitting at the kitchen table, spreading mayonnaise over white bread, looked down on by the more sensitive types, he tells them that when you have kids you have to provide for them and that life can't always be what you'd want it to be, but you just have to be the best person you can. You set your priorities, he tells them. That's what their friend Alex couldn't see. Nobody said it was going to be fun, he adds.

Well, what can you expect. He's in advertising, devoted not only to his children but to the country club, business, and home improvements. No wonder his wife can't wait to roll on the grass with the first old college chum who asks her. The fact that she knows her husband will always be faithful to her is her idea of something to make jokes about.

And they *are* clever, these young men and women remembering how great it was when they were all students, marching, making love, demonstrating, talking—well, *studying,* for God's sake. Isn't that what students *do?* It's their cleverness, the funny things they say, how attractive and appealing they are, that makes this such a corrupt film. It makes one think that Plato was right about the poets.

There is of course much talk about Alex's suicide during the weekend and what emerges is that somehow each of them in his own way, but more importantly the world, failed Alex, and that is the reason why, after sleeping with his best friend's wife and accepting his best friend's hospitality, he cuts his wrists in his best friend's bathroom.

Now we must confess there was a time, many years ago, when we too

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were young and had ideals; we too were innocent and even had witty friends. There was Ed, and Sue and June and Eric and Malcolm and Helen and one or two others. June was pretty and merry and flaky and an artist and now lives in a state hospital in Michigan. And Eric was clever and cynical and drunk half the time and ended up a drifting failure haunting the cafés of Paris, an expatriate from life, without purpose or meaning. And then there was Ed. Ed, like Alex, was brilliant and promising. He had read all of Nietzsche by the time he was sixteen, fascinated by the idea of Superman, the *Ubermensch*. The trouble was he couldn't seem to get it all together in college. He just read and played chess and got drunk and we all worried about him until finally he stuck his head in an oven and turned on the gas. Then we dragged him to a psychiatrist but the treatment didn't work or didn't work fast enough and none of us was really surprised when Ed finally wrapped himself around a telephone pole at 60 miles an hour. We were sorry and we missed him but we didn't feel that we had failed him or life had failed him or the world had failed him. We didn't think for a moment that he was too good for the world. We felt sorry for him, but we didn't transform his suffering into a philosophical lesson. Ed, unlike Alex, was no saint, he was just a sick man. In *The Big Chill* Alex's suicide becomes an act of martyrdom and because of it he becomes an exemplary figure. Poor Ed was just screwed up.

It is Meg, however, and her search for impregnation that provides the climactic moment of the film and the moral . . . thrust, shall we say. You remember—warm, loving, adorable, but somehow unable to find or keep a man, she has decided to get pregnant and have a baby even if she doesn't have a husband. Okay. Why not. Women have a right to realize their life ambitions, right? And Sarah, perfect mother that she is, cannot let one of her symbolic children remain unhappy because of an unsatisfied wish, and so, as though having a real baby were the equivalent of buying a Cabbage Patch Kid, she approaches Harold and in the first show of unambivalent affection we have seen from her, with real pleasure and excitement, she asks if he loves her, and will he do something for her.

Now this dippy idea is never articulated on screen, but we thought the dialogue might have gone something like this:

HAROLD: What?
SARAH: I said I'd like you to sleep with Meg tonight.
HAROLD: You mean and . . . do it?
SARAH: Of course do it—that's the point. She wants to get pregnant.
HAROLD: Pregnant! But then *I'd* be the father. Wouldn't you mind?
SARAH: Of course not. She's a beautiful person—so warm and loving. She needs something to love and take care of.
HAROLD: What about an Old English Sheepdog or a parrot maybe. Then she won't have to worry about . . .

Sarah is a doctor the way Lana Turner was a philosophy professor and Harold is a tycoon.

SARAH: Don't be silly. She wants a baby—she has a right to have a baby!
HAROLD: Oh, in that case . . .
SARAH: She has so much love.
HAROLD: But it takes more than love . . . it takes a lot of thought and time, and bathing—a lot more bathing than you think. Besides, she's a lawyer. Is she going to quit being a lawyer?
SARAH: Quit law! Why? She has a right to find fulfillment as a lawyer, doesn't she?
HAROLD: I was only . . . you're the doctor—you know best. Only, who'll take care of the kid—*my* kid?
SARAH: Oh, it wouldn't really be your child. It would be *hers*. And as far as taking care of it goes, she can find a good housekeeper or put it in a daycare center. A lot of young professionals are doing that.
HAROLD: Then what's the point, if she doesn't take care of it?
SARAH: It's not the quantity of time, silly, it's the quality.
HAROLD: Well, what about the kid? Is it good for the kid, I mean, to be raised that way without a father? Didn't I read that it's bad for 'em? Boys start playing with pocketbooks and wearing garter belts and girls end up daydreaming and wondering why their dads deserted them. Gee—I don't want my kid to grow up like that.
SARAH: Anti-feminist propaganda put out by the psychoanalytic establishment. Don't believe it.
HAROLD: Oh, I see. Well, you're the doctor, but—I feel funny about it. After all, it'll be my kid. It'll have my genes, be my flesh and blood, look like me. I think I'd . . . kind of . . . feel attached to it . . . know what I mean? I'd think about it all the time.
SARAH: Nonsense! You're a man. Men don't have feelings. Only women's feelings are important. And she has so much love to give . . . be a good tycoon and do it for me.
HAROLD: Well . . . okay . . . but I feel . . . well, like an object.

While the conversation does not occur in the film, the moment of insemination does, and its depiction on screen is clearly the symbolic climax of the film. Assuming an unregenerate missionary-tycoon position over his lawyer-donee, Harold performs his manly duty. Poor Kevin Kline earns his money in this one; that sappy smile as he looks down on her will live forever in film annals. The point of this scene is to show that even though this is a sexual act it is not an erotic or passionate one, i.e., it is not an immoral act but, on the contrary, a moral one. A good deed, kind of like changing her flat tire.

Now when Hollywood sends a big-budget movie out into the world of the 12-to-25-year-olds, studded with attractive stars like Kevin Kline, Glenn Close, and William Hurt, and with very little hitting in it, we can assume that someone out there in the West is trying to tell them something. And from the facts—rave reviews, months to packed houses across the country, third best at the box office in '83—the message may be getting across.

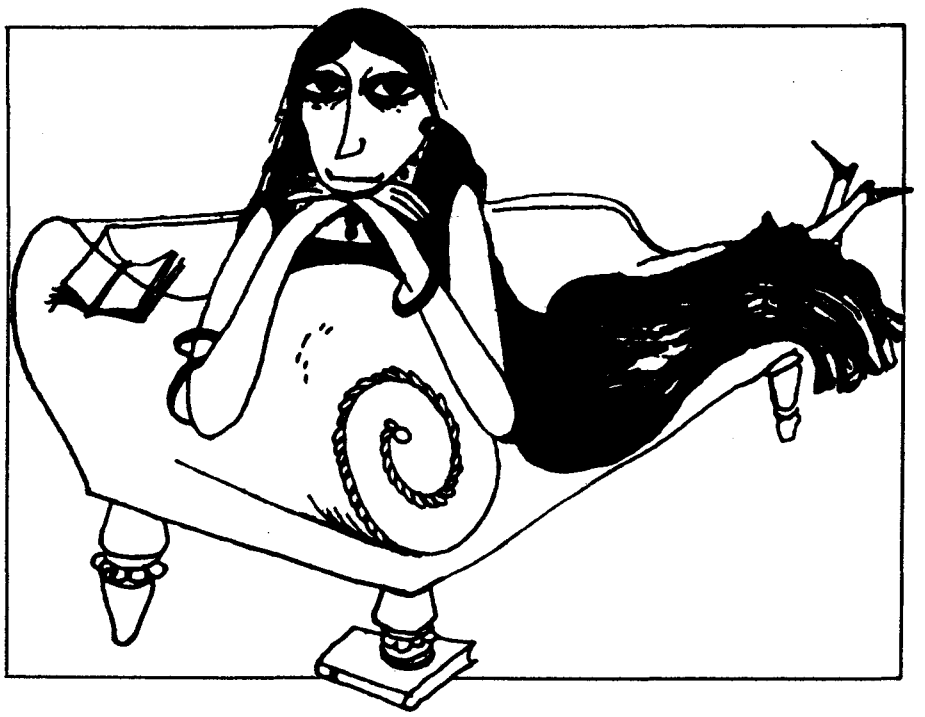
What *is* the meaning of this work, as we used to ask in undergraduate Humanities class. Or, better still, as our eighth-grade teacher would have asked, "What is the moral of this story?"

Why does no one mention that Alex's suicide was the act of a sick man? Because the symbolic meaning of Alex's suicide is that Alex was good, not sick, and that the world was bad and killed him, not that Alex couldn't cope with the world. The microcosm of the film, the time and the place, remains sealed off from the outer world and the values of the group as a whole emerge with great clarity. It is a world in which there is no blame, no fault, no responsibility, no consequences. The only thing that matters is how you feel and the gratification of desire. There is and should be only mutual acceptance, understanding, and forgiveness. Suicide is okay. Adultery is okay. Illegal cheating is okay. The only thing that's not okay is where the world impinges: the interface between each of the characters and the real world. What's not okay is being successful in the real world as a lawyer or a journalist or an actor or a businessman. All of those are depicted as disagreeable, shameful, representing some fall from earlier grace when ideals were pure.

And this suggests what the revolution of the late sixties was really about. The movie re-creates the earlier world of the group, only without the politics. None of the characters has really changed. They've given up their political illusions with little apparent difficulty. Radicalism they could give up, but not moral narcissism. That's what the revolution of the sixties was really about: the disavowal of moral values.

The Big Chill is a literally shameless movie. It is hermetically sealed from shame and guilt. Harold, for example, doesn't ever say to his friend, "Look, you're stoned out of your mind most of the time. You're destroying yourself. Go and get some help. You're destroying other people's lives too. Check into a hospital or something." He accepts him. Sarah never says to her friend who confides her moral impregnation fantasy, "That's a crazy idea. You can't do that to a child. It's different if a parent dies. One has to suffer the exigencies of life, but this is premeditated. You can't warp a child's life this way. I mean, I don't mind cheating the SEC but I draw the line at crimes against persons."

No, on the contrary, Sarah just listens and accepts the idea, and finally becomes the chief organizer of it. What the sixties was about and what this movie enshrines is a world free of struggle and effort, because they involve activities like competition and failure, and put one in close touch with guilt and shame. And the best way of avoiding guilt and shame, and effort and struggle and competition and failure, is to create a world without responsibility, without individual



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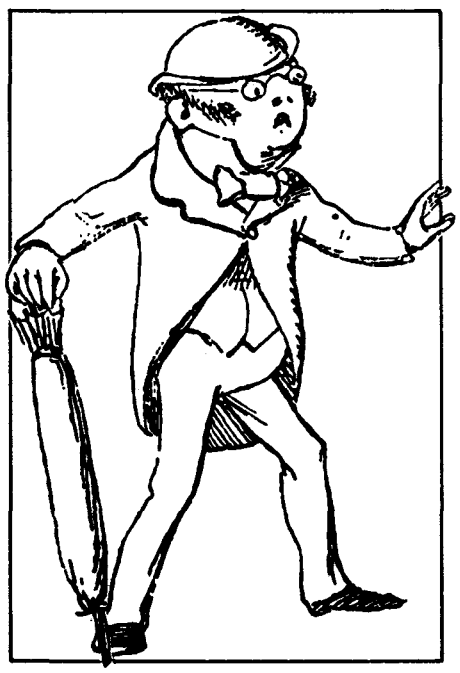
choice. Nobody owes anything to anybody; therefore no one has to feel guilty about anything or be ashamed of what he does. It is a special world of special people to whom ordinary rules don't apply.

As anybody who has had occasion to study adolescents knows, there is a powerful and complex psychological relationship between one's moral sense and one's attitude toward reality—an inextricable tangle made up of threads of duty, responsibility, and guilt which is often manifested in the need of young people to flee from both moral considerations and considerations of reality.

And as anybody who has ever been an adolescent knows, guilt does strange things to people.

The United States is the most adolescent of all nations. This is because what we call adolescence is a complicated interaction between biological and social factors—essentially between the onset of sexual maturity at puberty and the realistic demands by society on that sexually mature individual, i.e., demands for the production of goods and services, including childbearing and homemaking. (Alas, no matter what anybody says, contrary wishes and dreams notwithstanding, those are the unalterable facts of social life in every culture from the most primitive to the most complex, with only minor variations.) The gap between the onset of the one and the onset of the other is what we call adolescence and in each culture it has a different average length and a somewhat different quality. For a variety of reasons, psychological, economic, and cultural, America, or at least middle-class urban America, has the most prolonged and voluptuous adolescence in Western civilization.

One of the universal characteristics of adolescence is group formation, a phenomenon that serves a number of important psychological functions. Adolescents are perpetually "hanging out" together—just as often in spontaneous informal groups at the candy store or head shop or Pac-man arcade as in socially sanctioned goal-oriented groups like athletic teams or school clubs. Not the least important purpose of such groups is guilt reduction, and since puberty hits youngsters with different degrees of severity, the kinds of groups that are formed tend to be more or less pathological in character and more or less "therapeutic" in function. It is easier to have certain feelings and engage in certain activities when one knows that others do the same; the superego is soluble in groups. In fact, two of the most important repetitive themes of adolescence are seduction and communion, and indeed with some people, such as the characters portrayed in *The Big Chill,* these are never transcended.



What the sixties was about and what *The Big Chill* enshrines is a world free of struggle and effort.

For them, the big chill is the experience of being outside the commune, facing alone the painful existential realities of self-limitation, the limitations of those we love, and the limitations that life imposes on us.

What was unique and special about the sixties was not only its disavowal of conventional moral values but its wholesale flight from those realities and the mutual seduction that took place between the young and the old into a refuge of communal illusions. The trading-in of reality for illusion was extraordinarily extensive, especially in our coastal culture, and varied in expression from the symbolic—in psychedelic art and music ("Why don't we sing this song all together?/Open our heads, let the pictures come/And if we close all our eyes together/Then we will see where we all come from"[1])—to the most primitive enactments allowing individuals to become only loosely tethered to reality: consciousness-altering drugs, other-worldly religions, the creation of private religion, and primitive communal life.

The illusions that were fostered became song lyrics and slogans. Some of them were romantic clichés (love conquers all); some, religious ideals misplaced (the meek will inherit the earth); some, moral idiocy (aggression of any sort is an unmitigated evil, and therefore no value is worth fighting for); some, mindless nonsense (if only everyone "made love" then war would disappear); some, daffy misreadings of scripture (that a little child *should* lead them); and some, just plain foolishness (youth confers virtue: " . . . they're a better generation than we were"—Lillian Hellman; and mindless passivity and detachment are a form of morality: "There is something about the temper and quality of these people, a gentleness, a quietness, an interest—something good"—Bishop James Pike).

It wasn't that these notions were wrong as ideals. What was new was the widespread acceptance of these ideas not only as normative principles but as descriptions of reality.

Unfortunately, in disavowing reality what was also disavowed were the instruments of reality—the intellectual institutions by which reality is understood and mastered—reason, the authority of experience, the recognition of complexity, and faith in the method of trial and error. And what was also disavowed was the recognition that the essential regulating principle of social organization, especially in a democracy, is compromise.

Nowhere more than on the campuses of America was reality—the realities of nature, and of human nature—and its intellectual institutions more betrayed. Professors, some on every campus (to be sure, mostly in the softer disciplines—the less quantitative of the social sciences, and the less scholarly of the humanities) donned bluejeans and turned in their conventional wisdom for the new truth. Closet adolescents, they allowed themselves not only to be seduced by the young, but to become seducers of the young.

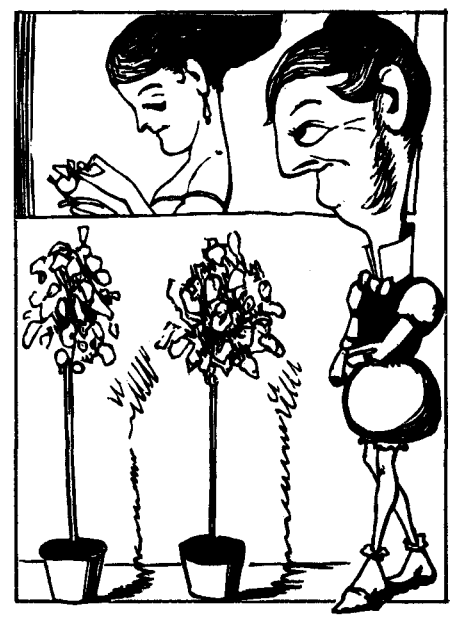
The media helped in turning reality inside out and upside down. Madness was transmogrified into sanity; the epidemic of schizoid behavior became translated into " . . . more meaningful ways of living with nature and one another." In the best spirit of mindless journalism Brook Farm was equated with The Hog Farm, a California commune described in the words of one of its members as "an expanded family, a mobile hallucination, a sociological experiment, an army of clowns. We are fifty people on a perpetual trip, citizens of Earth . . . fixing up . . . our bodies and brains, trying to get it together. . . ." Communal madness of all sorts, renamed "alternate life styles."

"So what's all the fuss?" a senior at the Coastal Culture School, a private school on the upper east side of Manhattan, asked us. "*The Big Chill*—it's only entertainment. Loosen up." It's true, it is entertaining. That's the trouble. The seduction of the young goes on. It's not true that it's *only* entertaining. It's entertaining the way "The Three Little Pigs" was entertaining when we were kids. We thought we were only being entertained; we didn't know we were being taught a lesson about life. (A lesson with remarkable staying power; to this day brick remains the building material of choice.) The difference is that *The Big Chill* lies and "The Three Little Pigs" told the truth. No need to make a fuss about it, though. No need to censor it, only to see it for what it is, and expose its lies about life.

Beneath their charm, wit, beauty, and rue *The Big Chill* people are a strikingly smug, self-satisfied group, impervious to external influences except for mutual support from one another. The world they create or wish to create is a morally drab world. Just as there is no shame in it, there is no pride; as there is no guilt in it, there is no innocence or discovery or tragedy; as there is no struggle or effort in it, there is no sense of triumph or achievement.

Despite the foolishness and wishful thinking of the sixties, the realities of life have not gone away. Nature is still cold and impersonal. Love cannot conquer cancer (or even AIDS); the little children who were to lead us cannot keep our houses warm in the wintertime, even though they are pure in heart, and the meek, although they may inherit the earth, don't seem to know how to wrest oil from it.

And human nature hasn't changed. The passions of greed, jealousy, envy, and vengeance are still with us and will always be with us unless someone can think of a way to get rid of the first



[1]From "All Together" by Mick Jagger and Keith Richard.

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six years of life, in which these passions have their origin.

Nature, and human nature, being what they are, we may as well accept the implication that both of them, untamed, are unmitigated evils, and civilized man's unpleasant lot is to struggle against them with the imperfect institutions he has and somehow, in the long run, triumph a little. This is *not* the lesson of *The Big Chill.*

Another big movie was released around the same time as *The Big Chill. The Right Stuff* is also about a group of men and women, but it represents another set of values, another world.

In the summer of 1969 almost half a million young people spent a weekend at Woodstock, making love not war, and experiencing a symbolic climax of one of the primary spiritual values of the sixties—escape from the pinch of reality and scruples into the refuge of communion. In that same summer, on July 20, men walked on the moon, probably one of the preeminent spiritual climaxes of modern civilization, compelling wonder and jubilation everywhere (even Gina Lollobrigida remarked, "Nothing in show business will ever top what I saw on television today"). All over the world, even in Russia, men took pride in the achievement, because Neil Armstrong stood for all mankind and the struggle and triumph of the astronauts stood for something more than the conquest of space. It stood for man's everlasting struggle to tame nature and himself and come out just a little bit triumphant.

That's the difference between feeling the big chill and having the right stuff. □

Melvin E. Bradford

SENTIMENT AND THE U.S. IMMIGRATION POLICY

The case against amnesty.

As the Congress lumbers with all the hesitancy of an elephant surrounded by mice toward final consideration of S. 529/H.R. 1510—two versions of the Simpson-Mazzoli bill—we come closer and closer to a drastic redefinition of the immigration policy of the United States. Those who understand what is at stake in these proposals would be amused by the spectacle were the matter of it less serious. And particularly Americans who, like the writer, reside in one of the states along the southern border of their country. But I rather think that our sensations in contemplating prospects to come are more complex and can be better compared to those engendered by some of the worst plays of the last three hundred years. I am thinking in particular of the English "heroic drama" of the seventeenth century, of eighteenth-century "weeping comedy," and of nineteenth-century American melodrama, the standard fare of showboat entertainment more recently revived and made familiar to us in television documentaries and "biographies" of the heroes of the Left. The common denominators in all of this theatrical history are unearned moralistic posturing, wooden plotting, pompous set speeches, and a failure to render as action issues potentially at stake in a particular combination of characters, setting, and circumstance. Add to these ingredients a little weeping on cue when unlikely conversions occur or problems resolve as pundits require and you have a composite analogy to the sober proceedings of the world's greatest legislature on the subject of the rights of citizenship and the integrity of our national borders.

Only fanatics, poseurs, and Puritans ever really liked these plays—such as confuse the aesthetic satisfactions of verisimilitude with the confirmation of prejudice which comes of reducing all human history to a Manichean struggle between a special definition of the darkness and the light. Yet they held the stage—and, in their modern versions, continue to find an audience wherever propaganda stands in the place of art. Of course, as the forthcoming debate of the Congress predictably degenerates into lofty generalizations concerning the "rights of man" or the narrowness of nationalism and the familiar allegorical conflict between the wicked "haves" and certain rhetorically selected and well-scrubbed representatives of that intrinsically "noble" multitude who have not, the deepest interests of the Republic will be neglected and, to its very grave peril, set aside for the sake of an opportunity of moralistic (i.e., self-righteous) self-congratulation.

The great problem with the people both inside and outside of government whose efforts make fair to ruin the proposed immigration law revisions is that they deny the validity of distinctions separating as categories guest, citizen, and interloper. Any principle that might result in the exclusion or expulsion of any persons not citizens who desire to reside in our midst they find repugnant. If not quite insisting that the "golden doors" be opened to all comers, they nonetheless invoke the doctrine of universal "human rights" as an authority which, in given instances of distress, supersedes all naturalization laws—especially those of prosperous countries where a majority of the population is white—and thus demand a more and more inclusive "amnesty" provision as a part of Simpson-Mazzoli, a conversion of seven or eight million illegal inhabitants of the United States into a special class: criminals rewarded for having committed a crime in violation of our integrity as a sovereign political entity. And the prospect is that this amnesty, covering covert and unauthorized immigrants arriving in this country before January 31, 1982, will be only the first in a series of similar acts, each legitimizing the status as legal permanent or legal temporary residents of the United States of another group of illegal aliens, making them candidates for membership in our body politic, and thus defrauding those who seek to become fellow citizens among us according to our laws.

The first law of every society, even the condition of its gestures of generosity, is that it put the needs of its own members ahead of the needs of outsiders.

The amnesty provision is of course the worst feature of Simpson-Mazzoli, and was included there in part to attract the supporting votes of legislators who can imagine importing a docile majority to foster their ambitions, presently frustrated by the good sense of the American people. As to the character and judgment of politicians who would create a proletariat where at present not much of one exists I can add little to the verdict of history upon all their kind. Eventually they are all devoured by monsters they have made. And deserve their fate. For where there is no connection but in appetite there can be no limit upon it. But much of the lobbying and contemporary emotion in favor of this amnesty has its source in something more worthy than a plan to assemble and then vote a class of perpetual dependents. I speak now of our honorable disposition to be a

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hospitable people, ready to receive guests and to givé shelter to those who endure exile from their *patria* for the sake of principle.

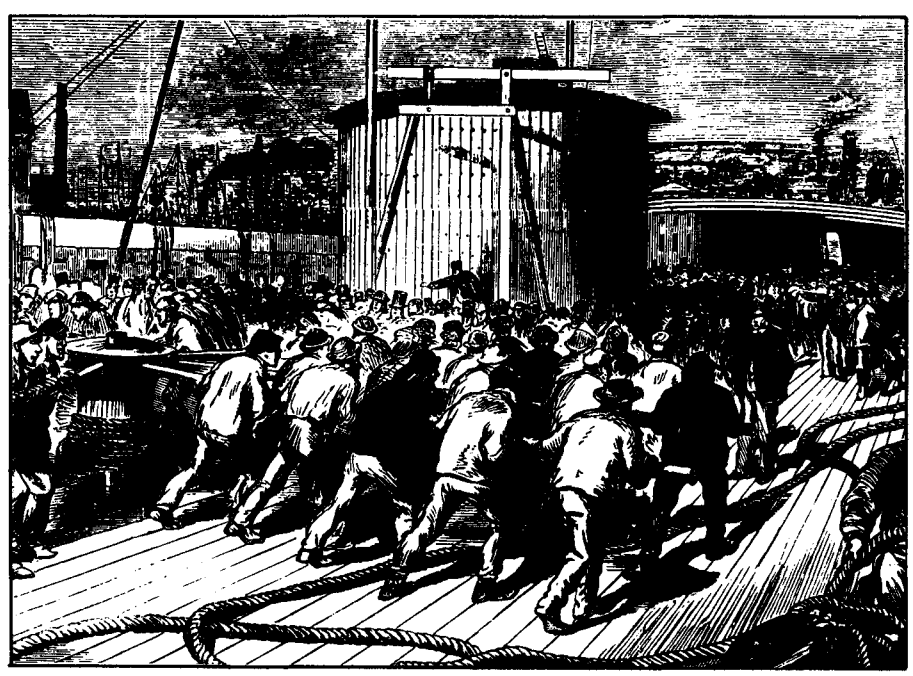
Even in the most ancient literature of the West, hospitality to travelers and visitors is recognized as the virtue which distinguishes civilized men, those who fear the gods and keep their laws. For the stranger might always be something more than he appeared to be—like Mentor in Homer's *Odyssey* or the angels in Genesis 18 who announce to Abraham and Sarah that they will have a son. Peleus had given shelter to Phoenix, who became the tutor of his son Achilles in the *Iliad.* Ecgtheow, father of Beowulf, had been protected by Hrothgar, the Danish king later assisted by his son. And Virgil's Dido welcomed Aeneas when the storm drove him to Carthage. According to the teaching, to offer the wanderer safe harbor is to deserve the same, should exile ever be our misfortune. But the old writings also tell us that the law of hospitality is a coin with two faces. The visitors in the *Odyssey* have abused the house of Odysseus. They have insulted his family, attempted to kill his son, corrupted his servants, and consumed his substance. His old father, Laertes, has been driven into the fields. The Greek gods put a special curse on such violations of privilege. The offenders *must* die, if respect for the comity of men and nations is to survive. Even as all of Troy must be destroyed because of its after-the-fact complicity in the crime of Paris, a prince of that great city and its representative, against his Spartan host, King Menelaus. Hospitality is an expression of the self-esteem, the spirit of *noblesse oblige,* to be found among a proud people. It is not a measure of self-interest but of sentiment—reflecting a powerful sense of security and grace.

But self-respect has nothing to do with a suicidal passion to "open the gates and let them all come in." For the first law of every society, even the condition of its gestures of generosity, is that it put the needs of its own members ahead of the needs of outsiders. Such an order of priorities is part of what we mean by the "social contract": the commitment to certain persons by the terms of which we are precluded from establishing an equivalent bond with others. Said another way, any act of choosing is an act of exclusion as well as of inclusion. We have no social connection with any man if we have the same obligations to all. Any goal contrary to the common good of the corporate "we" which endangers the future of the whole, and sets one of its components or part of its value system so far ahead of the rest as to threaten all, is, in essence, sentimental: indicative of an emotion out of proportion to the context in which it appears. Or worse than sentimental, following from that error which the ancient theologians called cupidity: putting a greater ahead of a lesser good, with all done in the name of love.

Any society that, out of a gratuitous benevolence, destroys its own capacity to protect its members or to assist legitimate friends outside the compact which defines its limits is, in a collective sense, guilty of cupidity. Like Milton's Adam in preferring Eve to the will of God. For by practicing such love for mankind in the abstract, as represented by those ostensibly distressed in their place of residence, it violates Burke's maxim that "to be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle (the germ as it were) of public affections." This much he can assert in the name of civilization because, as he adds elsewhere, "we begin our public affections in our families. No cold relation is a zealous citizen." And if "physical relations . . . are the elements of the commonwealth," no man who neglects hearth and rooftree will ever rise to "higher and more large regards," to a proper version of "love to our country, and to mankind."

Thus when our most refined moralists insist that, in questions involving immigration, borders be ignored and distinctions of citizenship set aside, they are repeating the old error of Jean Jacques Rousseau: assuming the superiority of a uniform, dead-level "state of nature" to civil communities which maintain their own institutions and identities, generated by their own respective histories. The philosophers of natural rights prefer to conceive of a polity defined by commitment to propositional statements concerning *humanus genum,* the species at large—ignoring the evidence that most high civilizations have emerged out of a combination of the ties of blood and friendship, of common religious faith and cooperation in business, politics, war, and art, not from generalizations that discourage such cohesion. That the greater human family can be thought of as fulfilling its composite nature only as it subdivides into "little platoons" and tribes and nations—in its repudiation of the presocial isolation of individuals who are "citizens of the world"—the Fathers of the Republic understood clearly, as may be easily determined from an examination of their approach to questions of admission and naturalization of such aliens as desired to settle among them.

In the Great Convention of 1787 the Framers of the United States Constitution had a good bit to say on the subject of immigration. Some spoke of what immigrants had done for the country during the Revolution. Others warned about extending political "privileges" to those who had not yet formed "attachments" here—foreigners resident in the United States, deserving our citizenship but not yet one with us in spirit. Governor Edmund Randolph of Virginia went further, wondering whether immigration to this country had more than a "problematical" value for its development. But no one denied that immigrants would have to be naturalized, that their admission should be dependent upon the best interests of *this country,* or that some should be excluded, if they posed a threat to the commonweal. No one confused citizen and guest or countryman and interloper, and all agreed with Gouverneur Morris of (at that time) Pennsylvania when he observed on August 9, 1787, that "every society from a great nation down to a club had the right of declaring the condition on which new members should be admitted." While reserving authority over the legal process of naturalization to the Congress, all of the Framers clearly expected that it would be Europeans who were presenting themselves for "membership" here. Therefore the original March 26, 1790 "Act to Establish an Uniform Rule of Naturalization" provided *only* for absorption of "any alien, being a free white person, who shall have resided within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States for the term of two years," on condition of his application to a common law court in a state where he has resided for at least one year—*if* he can give proof of good character, and *if* he has affirmed by oath his loyalty to our Constitution. A January 29, 1795 revision of that original law required five years of residence in the United States, two in the place or region of application, and also insisted that the prospective citizen renounce allegiance to all other powers at least three years before presenting himself for citizenship here.



Immigration legislation continued in this pattern throughout most of the first century of our national existence. Like Fisher Ames of Massachusetts in the debates preceding the passage of the 1795 revision, the statesmen of the early Republic were careful to keep questions of "abstract rights" out of their deliberations on the subject of immigration. As Ames expressed their purpose in preventing an amendment to the bill that would have excluded from citizenship immigrants bringing their slaves with them as property, the proper question to be answered in drafting such laws concerned the "tranquility and safety" of the United States, not the aboriginal equality of men. Throughout this period important American political figures announced that they were eager to welcome to these shores hosts of immigrants who would help them to develop the potential of the country. They were pleased (as would be any civilized person) to reconcile their obligations as republican magistrates and legislators to the ancient virtue of hospitality and the aspirations of restless and unfortunate people. But they reserved the right to keep the process under their control, given the prospect of changes in the national interests of the United States.

Between the end of the American Revolution and 1820, the year when we began to keep records of incoming population, something like 250,000 immigrants arrived on these shores. The two decades of 1820-1840 saw the flow increase as the nation's population absorbed another 750,000. Then the

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flood began. In the years 1840-1860 almost 4,400,000 aliens crossed the seas to become Americans. Yet most of these early recruits to the American Dream came from Ireland, the United Kingdom, and Germany. They threatened established cultural patterns and the established mix only with reference to religion. Yet this influx in numbers and change in percentage of Roman Catholic citizens did disturb the public peace of the regime and spawned an exclusionist political party, the Know Nothings. After the War Between the States, however, economic necessity overcame xenophobic uneasiness. For in the longer period of 1865-1915 immigration brought about 30,000,000 additions to the general population—this time coming not so much from Northern Europe as from Italy, Poland, Russia, Greece, the Balkans, and the Austrian Empire. With this vast throng we filled our vacant spaces, lowered the price of our labor, increased the value of our public land and private real estate, expanded our industries, made use of our resources, and closed the frontier. And, in the process, also diminished our need for immigrant masses "yearning to be free."

One of the first signs of a shift in the nation's attitude toward the large-scale movement of populations in this direction occurred with the Chinese Exclusion Act of May 6, 1882. Other straws in the wind were the 1875 provisions banning the entry of prostitutes and criminals, the 1882 provisions excluding the diseased, the socially undesirable, paupers without resource, and the mentally defective. The 1882 Immigration Act was a landmark in that it looked toward repatriation of numerous unwanted aliens presenting themselves for admission through a regular process. It was followed by statutes forbidding overseas recruiting of contract labor and related practices. Other laws required the prospective immigrant to be literate in some language. All of this exclusionary legislation pointed toward a realization by the Congress that its first priority in regulating future naturalization would have to be the long-term stability and survival (as itself) of the United States, not asylum as the self-satisfying myth of our unlimited welcome or our desire for internal development as an industrial nation. In the Quota Act of 1921 and the momentous Immigration Act of May 26, 1924, these concerns translated into a quota by national origins and an overall limit on annual admissions.

That these immigration bills of the 1920s were not demonstrations of progressive opinion on the questions of human equality and the priority of the rights of man over the dictates of prudence is not difficult to prove. For they base the quotas which they propose on the ratio of white persons from a particular national background to be found in 1920 in the total population of the United States. These are laws for bringing us a few useful white people, not a paraphrase of Emma Lazarus. By and large, Asians and Africans are out of the question. And though no barrier is thrown up against the inhabitants of neighboring countries in the Western Hemisphere, it was well understood that the status of unskilled Latin American labor in our society would discourage it from pouring into the states bordering Mexico in numbers greater than what we could use for agricultural or (later) industrial purposes. Between 1840 and 1943 illegal immigration from across the Rio Grande into our Southwest was not widespread. The memory of two wars with Mexico was, in those regions, still hanging in the air. There were few civil-rights laws of any importance protecting the Mexican-American who was a citizen. Which is to say nothing of the status of the undocumented alien. If seen as an interloper intruding himself upon communities which expected everyone to speak English and to "naturalize" in other ways, such an immigrant could anticipate great difficulty. Something of the kind could also be said concerning blacks who came hither from British Honduras, Barbados, the Bahamas, and Jamaica. It was safer to enter with a worker's permit or as a bracero than to try some surreptitious method. Without a job waiting, it was not worth the trouble or the risk.

The Immigration and Nationality Act of June 27, 1952, the McCarran-Walter Act, was not so much a departure from as a refinement of the immigration laws in force since 1924. The human tidal wave flowing in this direction was stemmed in the late 1920s and 30s, following an influx of almost 14,600,000 in the decades 1900-1920. The danger of being flooded by European refugees following World War I had been avoided. Though we gave help to displaced persons and those otherwise distressed, we would not take the risk of being engulfed in our own place. We admitted some exiles and persons threatened by persecution. And after World War II we did more of the same, eventually under the Displaced Persons Act of 1948. In the rhetorical atmosphere created by conflict with Nazi Germany, we ceased to explain our quotas with reference to a scientific theory of race. But the "natural origins" formula was retained as, in the language of the 1952 Senate Judiciary Committee, a "rational and logical method of numerically restricting immigration in such a manner as to best preserve the sociological and cultural balance of the United States."

The 1952 law was rightly described by the historian Robert Divine as "in essence an act of conservatism rather than of intolerance." Fifty percent of each national quota was reserved to the well-educated or specially trained candidates from a particular background. The rest of that quota was utilized to reunite families of citizens or citizens-to-be, as an observation *of their claims upon the commonweal.* Both parts of this policy were obviously calculated to reflect the interests of the United States, and certainly suggested no preoccupation with the "wretched refuse" of any "teeming shore." Instead, it pointed back to the very beginnings of an American doctrine concerning naturalization, as modified to suit our national circumstances in the 1950s. Moreover, once supplemented by the Refugee Relief Act of August 7, 1953, and related legislation, it provided for a generous increase in the numbers which we received legally, especially from countries under Communist domination.

No branch of government has been willing to act out its valid perception of dangers to come by enforcing the law as it stands.

With the 1965 amendments to the Immigration and Naturalization Act of 1952 much of this accumulated wisdom was repealed and, in a context created by the struggle over the role of government in enlarging the civil rights of minorities, replaced by a law which no one expected to see enforced: a law which had for its foundation an overcooked mush of natural rights imperatives which was certain to boil over into a demand for less and less restriction on the movement of nonwhite and distressed persons toward our borders; toward a pluralist society that has, with difficulty, negotiated an internal peace on the basis of its present composition. The error was compounded in the Refugee Act of 1980, which redefined the category according to the vapidities of the United Nations protocol on the subject: a person who is unwilling or unable to return to his country of nationality or habitual residence because of "fear" and "political opinion."

Yet even in 1965, or in the following years, Congress was not willing to declare as unimportant the problems which come of large increases in the labor force in times of unemployment. Or to assert that the influx of too many of a given heritage into an established mix of many elements, kept at peace by the proportions of their influence over a national whole defined by their balance, could not rupture the social bonds which preserve us as a nation. To the contrary, the problem is that no branch of government has been willing to act out its valid perception of dangers to come by enforcing the law as it stands: to perform, with the political version of character, "an act of conservatism rather than of intolerance."

The 1965 revision of our immigration laws took note of the great increase in volume of immigration from nonquota countries, our neighbors in this hemisphere, during the period 1952-1965. And therefore, for the first time, established a ceiling of 120,000 per year as a maximum from those sources: a ceiling without the per country limit or preference system emphasizing skills and relationships still applied to the rest of the world. In 1976 the formula was revised in the direction of international uniformity and freedom from prejudice in favor of European antecedents. Further legislation in 1978 finally abolished all distinction between Eastern and Western Hemispheres, leaving in force a worldwide quota of 290,000 and a single preference system, exclusive of refugees. Yet this law as finally drawn, with its abolition of separate ceilings for certain regions, was little more than an admission that our future problems were going to occur as a result of population pressure coming from the West Indies, Central America, and (especially) Mexico—which by itself provided one-third of the legal influx from the Western Hemisphere in the years 1967-1976 inclusive. Which is to say nothing of illegal increase.

Since 1971 Congress and a series of Presidents have been occupied with devising a formula which recognizes that the illegal or undocumented alien, not the size of our legal increase, is the immigration problem of our national future, one which embodies this recognition in language that does not excite the racial sensitivities of any of our minority groups who have rights within the civil bond. On this question, on how the illegals may be excluded or expelled, they cannot agree. And to the debate the federal courts have contributed nothing but aggravation—as in the June 15, 1982 ruling of the U.S.

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Supreme Court in the case of *Plyler* v. *Doe,* in which illegal aliens are granted rights denied legal (temporary *and* permanent) guests of the country.

In or before 1965, few of our public men dared to argue that the distress of immigrants would, by reason of our national identity, our political inheritance, oblige us to receive them, regardless of the preferences of an overwhelming majority of American citizens. Nor prior to that time would one of our erstwhile statesmen have declared that our borders *cannot* be closed, that illegal aliens *cannot* be expelled from our midst, or that the rights of American citizens, their values and needs, *cannot* be preserved against claims from the outside created by the economy, the political atmosphere, and the exploding population of our sister republics immediately to the south. Since the crossing of that watershed, what a failure of nerve we have seen. And, may still see, as Speaker O'Neill announces that the House of Representatives cannot for the time act on Simpson-Mazzoli, mentions the opposition of eleven members, and then attempts to blame the paralysis over which he presides on the secret opposition of the President of the United States to a measure he publicly supports.

That any of our countrymen would think themselves abused because illegal immigrants with a background like their own were not politically protected from the natural consequences of their crimes and allowed to compound them by bringing in more illegal immigrants, their relatives, to join them in their immunities here, would not have occurred as a reasonable cause for concern for any previous generation of American leaders. But that was before we began to make such ado about human rights, and in the process reached a point where we could not sustain any policy—however legal, just, or well-advised it might be—if there was an objection to it that could be made as a special consideration to one of our minority populations. Now we have come so far as to be uncomfortable in defending a way of life which derived its essential properties from the careful and heroic labor of earlier Americans of European ancestry—even if those ancestors were *our* forefathers.

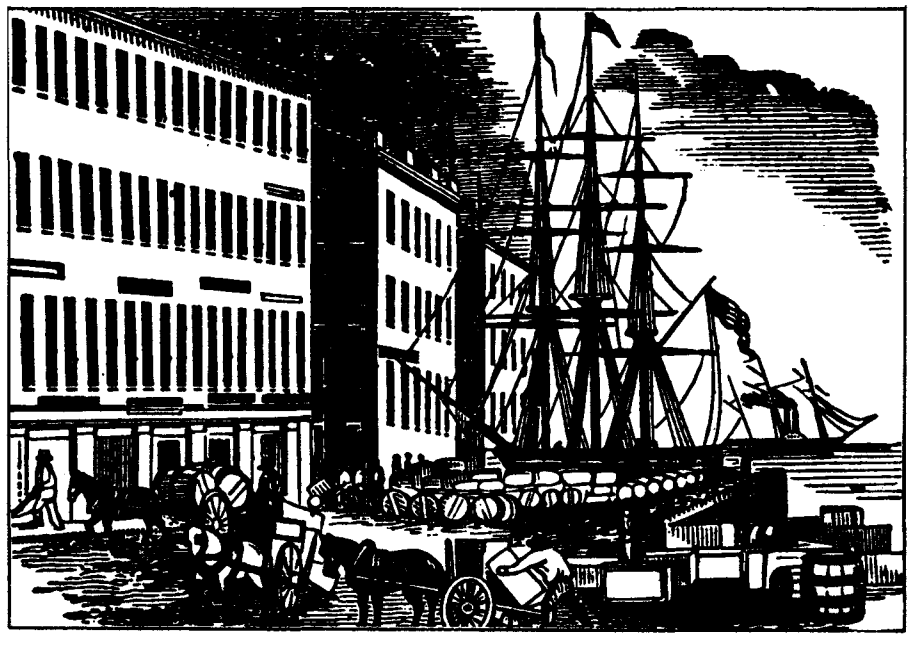
We cannot bring ourselves to repatriate millions of alien criminals or to punish employers who hire them or to require others to carry identification proving that they are rightfully a part of our society—positive provisions of Simpson-Mazzoli. We want an easy solution to the immigration problems that we face, one which makes everyone happy, concerning which no one will complain of racial and/or cultural bias. Thus, in the end, we may have no immigration policy at all: or any perception of the difference between guest, interloper, and citizen; or, finally, any country of our own. If unchecked, more and more illegal immigrants will come from Latin America, Asia, and (eventually) other parts of the world—come by the millions, swamp our system of social services, aggravate our unemployment problems, subvert our political stability, and thereby stir among us the fires of racial hatred which are heating now in Britain and Germany, France and Sweden, and are a danger in most of the world's developed nations, except Japan. In other words, we will have precisely the sort of situation which the advocates of amnesty insist that they so much deplore out of a conviction that "there are no longer strangers and sojourners," but only citizens of the global community. If we thus persist, our children in generations to come will marvel at this circuitous sentimentality—and then pay the price of the cowardice which lies at its source.

But if, to the contrary, we would prefer to mean by the word "homeland" something more than a memory, a discursive concept, and a segment of geography (thanks to immigration, all that the Romans understood by *patria* long before their city fell), then the first order of our business will be to drain the rhetoric of natural rights out of our discussion of what immigration policy we should adopt and enforce. For that rhetoric is appropriate only to an argument from definition, and to a world where God hath not made nations of men, nor appointed "the bounds of their habitation." Instead our focus should be on the ideas of public virtue and citizenship, of what prospective citizens might bring to their country, and what harm they might do it. For with civil rights go duties, and an obligation to defend the corporate good. That we put first, as prior to other questions, the survival of the homeland should not be a question open to discussion among its sons and daughters—that is, unless the conditions of its survival are shameful.

An alien has in the strict sense of the term no civil rights, nor any obligation to protect the *cives* to which he does not belong. But the citizen has behind him the honor of his countrymen (and some of their resources) when threatened by indignities while beyond the nation's borders. The Fathers read this lesson in civics into the history of the Punic Wars and into events in British history like the Glorious Revolution. They translated it into the American myth of the citizen-soldier. All of them, that is, except for that noisy radical, Thomas Paine, who went from his role in our Revolution into a very different atmosphere in the France of Danton and Robespierre. As a Citizen of the World and a Girondian, in 1792 he allowed himself to be elected to the National Convention. Seventeen months later the Jacobins thought him not radical enough, confined him at Luxembourg and sharpened the guillotine. At that point Thomas Paine rediscovered the value of American citizenship and—in violation of his earlier universalism, to the amusement of our ambassador in Paris, Gouverneur Morris—claimed its protection. In this one instance (if in no other) we should follow Paine's example—appreciate the value of an incorporated, civil condition, and shape our laws to enhance it, including our laws concerning immigration, naturalization, and illegal entry. And the scale of appropriations necessary if the Immigration and Naturalization Service is expected to enforce them.

Finally, in attempting to revive among our brethren some notion of the great value once attached to American citizenship, we should recall that foreign-born aspirants to that privileged estate have never been confused on that subject. Their appeals for a place in our company have always been addressed to the generosity of a sovereign American people, a nation that has offered its citizenship as a free gift to more immigrants than have been received by any other modern state. And it was to the status of citizen that they always aspired, not to a local application of the doctrine of the rights of man. We must not, in a period of low employment and social tension, make the mistake of many advanced societies and bring in (or accept once here illegally) a large population of aliens without a clear plan of how we may absorb and utilize them, without a conviction that they will learn English, accept our culture, our institutions, and follow our ways. Most certainly we must not make this mistake at the suggestion of those loud voices (South *and* North American) for whom hatred of the United States is axiomatic, the desire for its destruction a daily dream, and the flood of undocumented Mexican workers pouring into our Southwest a kind of *reconquista.*

To specify our firmness on this question we should attach a penalty more severe than mere repatriation to repeated illegal crossings of our border, or offer an award for the identification of interlopers. For belief that the secular religion of natural rights requires the United States to accept eight million of them—for a starter—is tantamount to the mistake in logic that maintains the authority of the same religion to risk a war in order to free the slaves in Siberia. Only if natural rights have priority over the circumstantial objection that, damaged or destroyed, we can protect and liberate no one will we find our first duty so far away from home. On the other hand, if we take seriously the role of citizen then we will compel our elected representatives to recall their prior obligation to the compact between the living, dead, and yet unborn: our prescription from those wise spirits who established among us a general approach to the question of immigration which has allowed us to live together in peace and prosperity. By cherishing among ourselves the elements and dynamic of a society these predecessors could recognize as rightfully their handiwork we will contribute to our own ever-continuing maturation, and be better armed to assist friendly peoples in preserving a homeland of their own. Then Congress might give up on evasion, farce, and melodrama, eschew posturing and sentimentality, and provide, through laws which we clearly require, for the survival of the Republic. □



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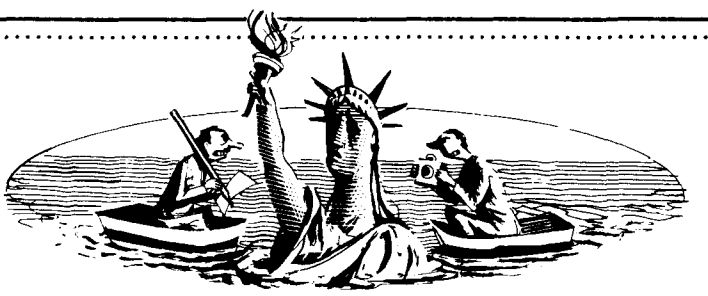
PRESSWATCH



BRIGHTER SIDES

by Fred Barnes

For all its adversarial passion in the post-Vietnam, post-Watergate era, the press lovingly and reliably protects a herd of sacred cows. And a large herd at that. Take the Clean Air Act. How many newspaper stories have you read about the inflationary or job-reducing impact of this controversial legislation? Not a one, I bet. Or take Common Cause. There have been isolated pieces exposing it as the most banal of liberal organizations, but the convention in most of American journalism is to treat it as a non-ideological "citizens lobby." Or take the school lunch program. Surely it would have made compelling reading to explain how middle-class kids were getting free food in the federal program. Instead, the press waited for the Reagan Administration to propose cutting off this subsidy and then suggested that the very idea of such a cut—the cut, now, not the subsidy—was cruel and harmful to the fabric of American society.

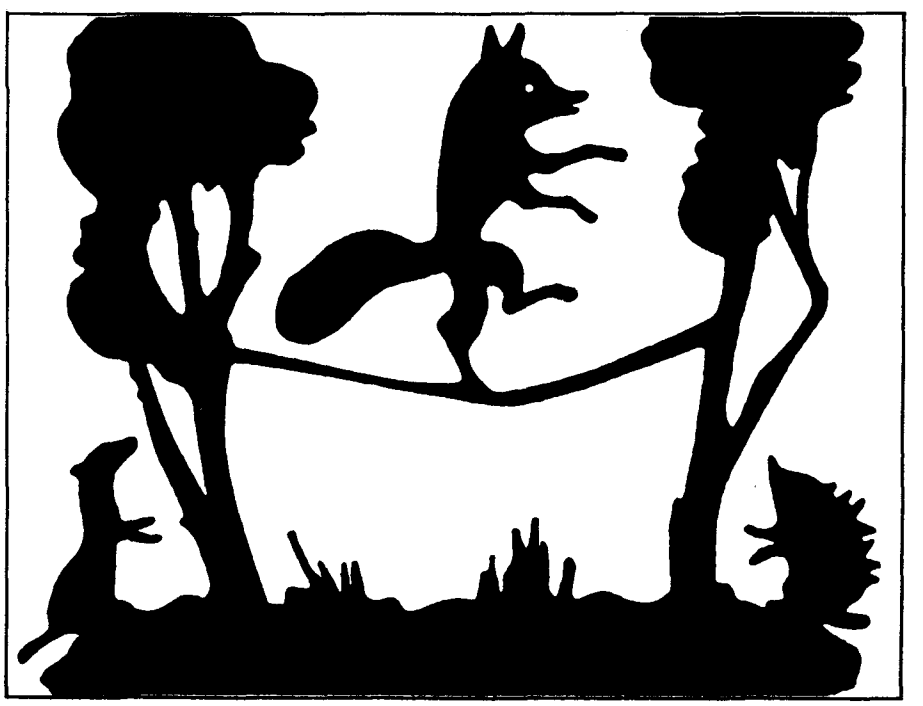
That's the bad news: Selective adversarial zeal persists. But there is also a bit of good news: After decades of affectionate massaging by the press, one sacred cow is now under attack. The wounded beast is the United Nations. Since January, when Richard Grenier's devastating critique of the UN appeared in *Harper's,* man's great hope for peace has been on the run. Grenier's piece was particularly significant for where it was published. If *Conservative Digest* or the *Washington Times* ran the same sort of criticism, it wouldn't mean much. But a piece like this in *Harper's* means that elite opinion on the subject of the UN is changing—and not in the UN's favor. The Grenier fusillade was also significant for its line of attack. The problem isn't so much that the UN is ineffective in preserving peace, which it manifestly is. The problem is all the evil and mischievous things the organization does, like declaring Zionism to be racism and pumping money (some of it from American taxpayers) into totalitarian-minded revolutionary groups.

Grenier and *Harper's* are not alone. Richard Bernstein of the *New York Times* began covering the UN beat some months ago, and he has taken a refreshingly and courageously skeptical approach in his reporting. Bernstein has dared to write the obvious, which no one outside Grenier has done in mainstream journalism. "There can be no doubt that, over the years, the United Nations has come to be dominated by what might be called a third-world ideology," Bernstein wrote in the *New York Times Magazine* last January. "The main tendencies of this outlook are sympathy for authoritarian government, deep suspicion of the West, a disavowal of free enterprise, and—in an organization whose charter repudiates the use or the threat of force—a belief in the legitimacy of 'armed struggle' when carried out by the world's generally Marxist 'national liberation movements,' particularly the Palestine Liberation Organization and SWAPO, the South-West Africa People's Organization."

The power of the Third World and Soviet blocs—Grenier dubbed the UN a "third world Soviet lynching mob"—is reflected in how it treats human rights violations, Bernstein wrote. "Human rights violations in Communist countries, for example, have never been placed on the agenda of the General Assembly or any of its committees; at the same time, several of Washington's strategic allies are annually condemned for human-rights abuses by large majorities that include dictatorships whose own records in that sphere are abysmal by any criteria. In the General Assembly last year, a vigorous effort, led by Iranian exile groups, to place a resolution condemning Iran for human-rights violations failed to gain a single sponsor, even though there was persuasive evidence that thousands of political executions have taken place in that country since 1981. . . . The human rights debate focused, instead, on three right-wing Latin American states, El Salvador, Guatemala and Chile, that did not belong to any powerful bloc and thus seemed good targets."

Bernstein has matched the brilliance of the magazine piece with solid daily coverage. In December, he asserted in a front-page story that the Soviets are the dominant influence at the UN and explained why. "The Soviet Union by all accounts enjoys enormous strength here," he wrote. "Its main accomplishment, delegates say, has been to help shape an agenda that by and large is unfriendly to Western values and interests." In January, he exposed the fiction about Soviet citizens serving as international civil servants at the UN. As such, they are not supposed to receive instructions from their home governments. "There is a large accumulation of evidence that Soviet, and, in most cases, East European practices conflict with this provision of the charter," Bernstein wrote. "Indeed, the question is not so much whether the Communist staff members are impartial; there is a general consensus among diplomats and officials here that they are not. It is whether the concept of civil service held by most Communist countries is compatible with the idea of independence and impartiality in the world organization."

Not only the UN is taking its lumps, but so is its branch, UNESCO. The *New York Times* ran an op-ed piece by best-selling historian Barbara Tuchman defending the Reagan Administration's decision to withdraw from UNESCO. But don't read too much into press acceptance of the pullout. If UNESCO, whose ills are many, hadn't pushed for government control of the press and the flow of information, the press probably would have upbraided the Reagan crowd. Selective indignation in the press hasn't vanished altogether, after all.



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One of the sadder aspects of the fading of the Jackson wing of the Democratic party is that the faction has a magazine that champions its political ideology. The magazine is the *New Republic,* and its articles, except for an errant piece or two that, say, likens Gary Hart to Plato's idea of a philosopher-king, argue forcefully for a strong military and assertive foreign policy and a liberal, compassionate domestic policy. This is exactly what Senator Henry Jackson of

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Washington, who died last summer, promoted for years and years.

The magazine has enormous influence in the Democratic party, though you would never know it from listening to the Democratic presidential candidates. Party activists can't get by in the real world, you know, just by reading *Mother Jones* or the *Nation*. Who could? They read the *New Republic,* but somehow this is not enough to spur a presidential candidacy by some Jackson heir. Anyway, if one wants to step forward, he can gather up an ideology just by reading the last six months of the magazine—a pretty appealing ideology.

Let me cite one unsigned editorial on foreign policy in the February 20 issue. Now, remember that the political and journalistic environment in which the *New Republic* and its editors circulate is not friendly to President Reagan. Nonetheless, the editorial said Reagan has achieved "three significant and obvious achievements" in foreign affairs, despite the "cliché" of the Democratic presidential contenders that he has scored a goose egg. "First, there is the Euromissile victory," the magazine said. " . . . The Reagan administration was carrying out a policy devised by its Democratic predecessor. Yet it is hard to think of a single Democratic candidate for President who would have toughed it out the way Mr. Reagan did." The second success was Grenada. "The success was not that the U.S. Army was able to overcome a platoon of Cuban teamsters, but that an American President could gain the support of the country for intervention against a particularly obnoxious regime aligned with the Soviet Union," the editorial said. "In doing so, Mr. Reagan refuted the widely held assumption that such a thing was no longer possible. The demonstration that it is possible has already had salutary effect in places like Surinam, Nicaragua, and the Soviet Union." The third success? "The rebuilding of American defenses."

The editorial took to task an attack on Reagan's foreign policy by Columbia political scientist Seweryn Bialer in the *New York Review of Books,* who had complained that "the international correlation of forces" had been altered by Reagan. "In short, the Soviets are in a hole," he said. To which the *New Republic* responded, "Sounds good."

Simply put, the *New Republic* is giving liberal anti-Communism a good name again. Its unyielding support of Israel—and a pro-Israel policy by the United States—may not be fashionable, but it is certainly an antidote to much of the reporting from the Middle East in the *Washington Post* and other papers. And where else were the self-serving autobiographies of Wilfred Burchett and Pete Seeger criticized correctly as the work of Soviet apologists.

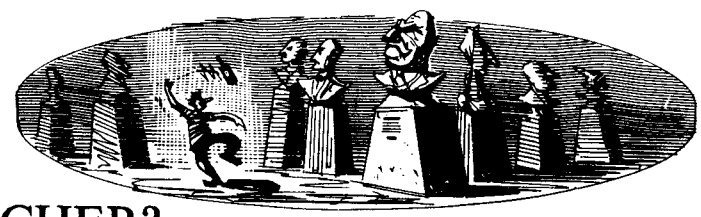
• • •

One of the reigning clichés about Ronald Reagan is that he is lucky in the political sense. Things happen to him for the good at just the right time, like the opportunity of the Grenada invasion arising right after the explosion that killed 241 Marines in Lebanon. So when Yuri Andropov died in February, Steven R. Weisman of the *New York Times* wrote that "for the third time in recent months, President Reagan has found himself facing a foreign policy crisis, only to have public attention diverted—at least momentarily—by sudden developments elsewhere." Andropov's passing took the focus off Lebanon, he noted.

This thing about Reagan's luck happens to be a cliché that is true. The guy is lucky, and it drives the press crazy because it makes Reagan such elusive quarry. Just when he is pinned down and vulnerable to a thrashing, he slips away. Maddest of all is Tom Wicker, who wrote in his column that Reagan's luck "is not to be discounted." Andropov's death not only obscured "the embarrassing news of the President's ill-disguised retreat from Lebanon; it opened up political opportunities so astute a politician won't be slow in seizing. Already, Mr. Reagan and his emissary to the Andropov funeral, George Bush, are claiming that now's the time to get nuclear arms control talks going again, thus suggesting that their collapse was some mere quirk on Mr. Andropov's part, rather than a calculated Soviet response to Mr. Reagan's arms control policies."

Wicker doesn't really understand about luck, though. Reagan was lucky in the case of Grenada, for instance, not because the opportunity to invade arose but because he ordered the invasion. Jimmy Carter, had he been faced with the same opportunity, wouldn't have been lucky. He'd have sought a resolution from the OAS, not an invasion. The old sports adage fits here, namely that the good teams make their own luck. □

EMINENTOES



WHITHER MRS. THATCHER?

by John Burton

Reaganites were greatly heartened by Margaret Thatcher's phenomenally large victory in the British general election last June. She had demonstrated that a forceful conservative leader could win a second race. Her success seemed to reinforce widespread American admiration of "Maggie" for her perceived qualities of firmness and her much-stated attachment to the ideas of a free society and personal responsibility.

The Japanese also tend to admire Mrs. T. It is a common observation in Japan that Britain always achieves greatness under a woman, as during the reigns of Elizabeth I and Queen Victoria. Many Japanese businessmen see in Mrs. Thatcher's economic policies the cure for the "British disease" of stagflation, and they believe her measures are causing the structural changes necessary to restore Britain's international competitiveness as a major economic power.

John Springs

Recent developments, however, suggest to many that something is amiss. There has been her fumbling of the Grenada affair, and more important, the thrust of her economic policies has begun to drift, so much so that commentators are starting to question her commitment to her own program. The *Economist* now writes that it has "always doubted" whether Margaret Thatcher was a "fully paid-up Thatcherite." The *Spectator* of London, meanwhile, notes that "though she speaks the rhetoric of the free market, it is less obvious that she sincerely wants us to be free." Is there enough iron left in the "Iron Lady"?

Mrs. Thatcher herself has never made any secret of her view that it would take her two full terms of office (around ten years) to rescue the British economy from the malaise induced by decades of uninhibited government intervention, subsidization of state industry, bureaucratic growth, and Keynesian macro-management. The economic policies pursued by the first Thatcher government (1979-1983) did notch up some successes. The monetary targeting strategy eventually brought down inflation—though some economists argue that it was more a matter of luck than of good judgment by the Bank of England—from a high of 22.5 percent per annum in 1980 to around 5 percent last year. The targets for reducing government borrowing were also, broadly speaking, adequately secured over 1979-1983. The British budget deficit, as a

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proportion of the nation's GNP, is now the lowest of any Western country. The severity of the recession in the private sector of British industry has brought about a significant change in attitude: Despite the record level of corporate bankruptcies in recent years, the Thatcher government has not adopted a general policy of bailing out or nationalizing the private sector. Thus private industry has been forced to face up to the issue of restrictive union practices, leading to radical changes in work rules and manning arrangements. These changes helped bring about a Japanese-like level of productivity growth. From the last quarter of 1980 to the second quarter of 1982, per capita output grew at 7.6 percent annually (compared to an annual average of 2.2 percent for the decade 1971-1981). Moreover, in 1981 and 1982 the formation of new enterprises in the U.K. achieved levels previously unseen.

As for the rest, there was much that was disappointing and seems to be at the root of the current malaise. Some economists have cast doubt on the permanency of the "Thatcher effect" on productivity growth, arguing that it was a once-and-for-all jump caused by the eradication of featherbedding in private industry, the further possibilities of which are beginning to peter out. The government's reforms of trade union legal immunities and privileges, embodied in the 1980 and 1982 Employment Acts, can only be described as modest, although this legislation is likely to stop the further growth of compulsory unionism (now covering some two-thirds of blue-collar employees in the U.K.). Whereas the private sector has been forced to adjust (or go into liquidation) in recession, the large loss-makers in state-owned industry have been propped up by Mrs. Thatcher's government. Two-thirds of industrial subsidies in the U.K. go to such failed public sector concerns, e.g., British Steel and the National Coal Board, which have made only faltering moves toward better performance. The Thatcher policy of privatizing state concerns, in order to inject commercial vim and vigor, was also modest in Mrs. Thatcher's first term, with the government often retaining about a 50 percent stake in the "privatized" concern. In the first four financial years of office, the government raised only £1.8 billion from such "special sales of assets"—compared with the roughly £400 billion that it raised from taxes.

But the main blight of Mrs. Thatcher's first term was her government's failure to control let alone reduce government spending. Although overtly committed to reducing the role of the state in British economic life, she in fact presided over a considerable rise in aggregate state expenditures—mounting in 1982 to over 47 percent of GNP. In order to stick to the targets for government borrowing and monetary deceleration, this meant that the Thatcher government of 1979-1983 had to increase sharply the overall tax burden of the U.K. From 1979 to 1982 it rose dramatically from 39.6 percent of GNP to 45.7 percent. As the much-respected economics editor of the *Financial Times* described it, this was "probably the largest increase in the tax burden in British peacetime history."

But thanks to her smashing re-election last year, conditions seemed ideal for Mrs. Thatcher to administer a stronger "Part II" of her recovery ministrations. Unlike an American President, the British prime minister has executive power by virtue of control over and allegiance of the majority in the legislature. With a stunning 143 seat majority in the House of Commons, Mrs. Thatcher would hardly have to put up with the obstacles that have hobbled the passage of Reagan proposals in Congress. On paper, then, there is nothing to stop Mrs. Thatcher from transforming Britain over the coming four years from an over-regulated and over-taxed mixed-up economy into a free enterprise zone of national proportions. If the rot cannot be stopped in Britain, where the premier has indisputable power, what hope is there for the Reagan revolution?

It might be recalled that in the 1983 general election campaign the Labour party made much play of the purported existence of a "secret Conservative manifesto." They claimed that the official Tory manifesto—a bland document, replete with vagueness—was but a cover for the real plans to destroy the unions, the welfare state, public enterprise, and so on.

In fact, no such secret manifesto existed. On the contrary, the conservatives had simply not given any deep thought to "where we go from here" once again in power. Instead, there initially hung over the returned Thatcher government an aura of indeterminacy. Public spending continued to rise—and even overshoot its growth targets—while the vested interests in the public sector kept up an immense chorus about the "cuts" in public spending. (In all this they have often been supported by senior Tory MPs such as Norman St. John Stevas and Sir Ian Gilmour.) The classic example is provided by what has happened in Britain's nationalized health service. From 1979 to 1983 government spending on this inefficient and over-manned industry rose by 17 percent in real terms, while by the end of 1982 employment had risen by 6 percent. In 1983, the secretary of state in charge of this concern proposed to reduce jobs in it by less than 1 percent of the work force, in order to trim back marginally on inefficiency. This miniscule measure was variously described by left-wing politicos and union spokesmen as a "massacre," "hacking the NHS to death," and "strong-arm brutality." Matched against this battery of wild hyperbole, the government seemed unable or unwilling to establish its case. The prospect of any sense of economic reality being established in this mismanaged and tax-financed industry now appears increasingly remote.

The performance of the Thatcher government on other economic issues has been no more heartening. If media reports are correct, for example, the Thatcher government is seeking to protect "publicly" owned British Airways from antitrust action in the United States, following the allegations of an international conspiracy of certain airlines to destroy the competition from Laker enterprise. The government has fully acceded to the EEC's operation of a steel cartel. Last year the government dropped a restrictive practices case against the operation of a price cartel on dealing commissions by brokers in the stock exchange (in return for some accepted changes). The government has so far avoided competitive reform of the professions, and in Parliament has opposed a private member's bill to end the solicitors' monopoly on the transfer of real estate. British agriculture remains grotesquely pampered by subsidy, amounting to about £20,000 per farmer or £7,000 per job in agriculture (the industry is also exempted from local property taxes and from more than 90 percent of the excise tax on fuel). The social welfare "industry"—forecast to eat up £40,000 billion of taxes by 1986-7—is palpably out of control, yet the government recoils at the thought of anything more than limited trimming of this machine for inducing mass withdrawal from productive economic activity. (When the government did try to reduce the real value of unemployment pay by 5 percent, a revolt by some Tory backbenchers forced it to restore the cut in 1983.)

To date, both the prime minister and her chancellor, Nigel Lawson, have reiterated their commitment to come to grips with the juggernaut of public spending growth. Both have openly declared that taxes in general are far too high. But both have yet to do anything substantive about any of this. In the teeth of fierce resistance, the best that Mr. Lawson has so far been able to do is to conduct a holding operation: He has managed to rein back the *overshooting* of public spending above the announced cash *growth* targets for it.

A secret Treasury report, leaked last year, suggests that, on the basis of the government's policy commitments, the size of public spending is likely to grow up to 1990. Assuming economic growth is low (0.5-0.75 percent per annum), the share of national income taken by government will rise dramatically. If soaring inflation and/or much higher levels of government borrowing (meaning high and stultifying interest rates) were then to be avoided, the rise in taxation would have to be draconian: a 15 point increase in the standard rate of income tax.

Faced with this nightmare scenario, both Mrs. Thatcher and independent economic commentators have preferred to assume that economic growth will run at a much higher rate in the U.K. over the period up to 1990. There are in fact some grounds for arguing that the output figures for Britain have been understated recently and do not reveal the true growth performance for 1982. There are also signs that some sort of economic recovery is under way in the U.K. However, the strength and duration of this recovery is unknown (and unknowable).

What has happened is that the Cabinet has opted for a version of the

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"consolidationist" strategy enunciated by Mr. John Biffen, the leader of the House of Commons, against the cutting-taxes-and-spending approach that the chancellor would have preferred to adopt. The idea is to let government spending grow, but on a tight leash. With faster economic growth, the share of government in national income will thus fall. Meanwhile, the government will move ahead with a faster pace of privatization than in its first term. The revenues acquired from these asset sales will provide a (small) extra margin for reducing taxes.

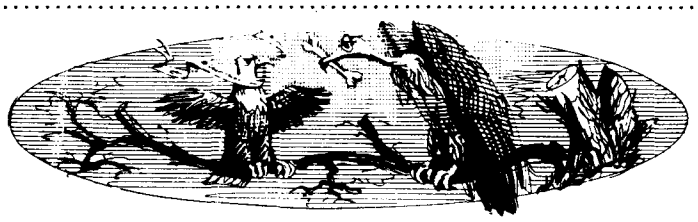
This new strategy has created a widespread impression that Mrs. Thatcher has become a "middle-of-the-road" politician. This I very much doubt. The attachment of Margaret Thatcher, and of her chancellor, to the goal of freeing British society and the economy seems to be as strong as before.

In other words, the consolidationist strategy is a reflection of political worries and considerations, not a change in Mrs. Thatcher's goals. There is the political reality that British public sector lobbies, and other interest groups, remain deeply entrenched and politically powerful. A considerable number of Mrs. Thatcher's backbench "supporters," moreover, are ideologically opposed to—or politically scared of—doing anything to reduce the government sector, a reluctance in part caused by recent changes in Britain's party politics which have become a three-cornered fight of very uncertain outcome at the next general election. Given the first-past-the-post electoral system, one party is likely to be wiped out. It has perhaps not been stressed enough that in its decisive victory last June the Conservative party's share of total votes was actually smaller than in 1979. Thus Mrs. Thatcher feels constrained to edge forward at an extremely cautious pace on economic policy.

The apparent changes in Mrs. Thatcher's foreign policies that have caused puzzlement and concern in the U.S. are of unrelated origin. My impression (shared by many other commentators) is that on Grenada she made a mistake or miscalculation from which—once having staked herself to it in Parliament—she has had difficulty in backing down. Her supposedly new "let's talk to the Russians" line is nothing new at all. British national interests have always dictated that peace (although not at any price) is preferable to war with the Soviets.

When President Reagan next meets Margaret Thatcher he will not be meeting some changed lady with new political and economic susceptibilities. It is Mrs. Thatcher's tactics that have changed, not her goals. Whether or not "consolidation" will deliver the economic goods in the U.K. is another question. Putting a heavy cart of government spending before the horse of a freer economy may be good politics, but it does not make good economics. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



TOM STOPPARD ON BROADWAY

by Peter Shaw

Tom Stoppard's currently successful comedy, *The Real Thing,* has been greeted nearly everywhere as a welcome excursion into the realms of love and personal relations by a writer who has always specialized in ideas. And yet the play's ideas—or more precisely its political attitudes—have drawn sharp criticism from at least two reviewers. Both of them have complained of the playwright-hero's unfriendliness to anti-nuclearist, anti-establishment activism. And since this character is manifestly autobiographical, they have criticized Stoppard for supposedly holding the same opinions. The only other critic to have commented on the hero's politics, Mimi Kramer in the *New Criterion,* also takes them to be Stoppard's, but finds herself in agreement.

In the play's love story the playwright, Henry, has an affair, divorces, and then discovers that his lover—now his second wife—is having an affair of her own. All those involved in this and other love affairs are actors who perform in Henry's plays, the current one of which happens to be about infidelity. As a result there are intricate parallels between art and life, and these seem largely to replace the usual Stoppardean intricacies of speculative argument.

The politics center on Annie, Henry's lover-wife, who is an anti-missile activist. First she acquires as a protégé a young soldier who has been jailed for setting a (harmless) fire during a peace demonstration; next she takes as her lover a working-class, left-ish young actor who disapproves of her husband's dismissal of class realities. The protégé, Brodie, has written a protest play. Annie gets Henry, despite his contempt for the play, to rewrite its pedestrian language; she then arranges to act in it herself.

Brodie, freed from jail, appears onstage in the last scene at Henry and Annie's. He proves to be witty—which, however, is like saying that a minor character of Shakespeare proves to speak in verse. More important, Brodie is also decidedly unpleasant. Annie now rejects him, and though he is not the one she has been having an affair with, her freeing gesture of dismissal (pushing a container of cocktail dip in his face) seems to be the trigger for a lovers' reconciliation with Henry.

Not surprisingly, the reviewer for New York's *Village Voice,* Erika Munk, who regards Stoppard as "a clever right-wing playwright," interpreted this scene as follows:

> The moment when working class antinuclear politics, in the form of one Brodie, is thrown out of Henry and Annie's living room is the moment when true love is affirmed, and Annie, freed of her radical burden, truly becomes Henry's real thing and he hers.

Robert Brustein, writing in the *New Republic,* who also identified Henry's views with Stoppard's, wrote that at the end of the play "love conquers all—even casual adulteries and messy social dissent." In another article a few weeks later, Brustein agreed with Erika Munk's contention that the play's success rested on what he now termed its "profound political conservatism." And he added that the cocktail dip smeared over the features of the badly mannered prole in *The Real Thing* is a custard pie heaved in the face of all that unpleasant political dissent people were forced to endure in the 1960s and 70s. And yet if one looks carefully it emerges that the conservative Henry does not really have the best of the political argument. Unfortunately that argument is given a surprisingly inadequate presentation on both sides—so much so that one senses a purposeful suppression of serious thought on Stoppard's part.

This is not to say that *The Real Thing*'s reputation for verbal brilliance is undeserved. Virtually every reviewer has been able to single out a subtly brilliant felicity not mentioned by anyone else. And there are further richnesses if one reads the text. For example, Henry and Annie are given to communicating as lovers by asking one another, "Are you all right?" But then, chillingly, something happens while Annie is rehearsing the role of the incestuous sister in a revival of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore.* The actor who is playing her brother manages to become her real-life lover by expressing real passion when he has occasion to recite the line, "How is't with ye?" Despite such touches, neither the play's line-by-line wit nor what amounts to a triumph of British-style acting by a partly American cast can keep the handling of ideas from being a disappointment.

Robert Brustein put it that Stoppard is "tone deaf before the dissonant inflections of Western political protest." But it would be more accurate to say that the deafness belongs to Henry, the character Stoppard has created. It is true that Henry speaks for Stoppard when he ridicules the ideas in Brodie's

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Peter Shaw has written for Commentary, *the* New Criterion, *and other periodicals. He is author, most recently, of* American Patriots and the Rituals of Revolution (*Harvard*).

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play: "politicians are puppets, Parliament is a farce, justice is a fraud, property is theft." But his indictment is soon rendered meaningless by a trick of the plot. In the scene in which Brodie is humiliated by Annie we learn that he was not a genuine anti-nuclear protestor. He met Annie on a train while on leave, was attracted to her, set fire to a war memorial wreath to impress her, and went on to turn out a protest play more or less on demand as a way of gaining enough publicity to be released from jail. Brodie is not the real thing. Hence not only are his potted ideas beside the point, but also Annie's rejection of him at the end hardly qualifies as a symbolic conversion from radicalism.

When it comes to Henry's own politics the outcome is much the same: His ideas are shallow, and they are eventually given a drubbing by his political opposites. He is exposed, for example, as someone who has all the answers whereas they are "not what life's about." On the basis of this phrase Erika Munk justly faulted "the philistinism of the play's underlying statement that eloquence and complexity are incompatible with emotional truth." But she failed to note that Stoppard makes his philistine point against the politically conservative Henry—specifically for using his eloquence against the idea of anti-missile protestation. Later, there is a similarly weighted rejection of cleverness. When Annie obviously parrots Henry's refusal to accept the putative iniquity of the class system, her working-class actor-lover says:

> I prefer Brodie. He sounds like rubbish, but you know he's right. You sound all right, but you know it's rubbish.

In *The Real Thing,* whenever gruff, hearty common sense comes in to rout epicene wit, the immediate casualty is political conservatism. Thus if anyone has a legitimate complaint, it is the Stoppard admirer who had reason to expect a higher level of argument on both sides of the question of the military self-defense of a Western democracy.

In real life Stoppard is a member of the Committee for the Free World, an organization dedicated to arguing the case for the West. He has, moreover, written several dramatic works drawing attention to the plight of Eastern European intellectuals. Yet in *The Real Thing* he not only fails to deal meaningfully with political issues, but treats them as insignificant compared to private life. "Public postures have the configuration of private derangement," says Henry, echoing a line from W.H. Auden that Stoppard has identified as the genesis of his play. This formula supposedly applies to Henry's antipathy to the peace protestors, which is seen as not only personally inspired but also as typifying his lack of human sympathy. As for the peace activists and Brodie, they are ridiculed for having the shallow, if well-meaning, ideas of shallow people. But these ideas do not derive from derangement of personality as the formula specifies and as Henry's can be said to do. In the end it remains unclear whether or not Stoppard is aware that there is a discrepancy between his treatment of the political Left and Right.

That there are connections between personal psychology and politics is certainly true. But the serious study of these should never have the purpose of discrediting ideas themselves, only that of tracing their etiology. To be sure, *extremist* politics—not at issue here—often issue from a pathological source. But even here the discrediting should come from that which is deplorable in the politics themselves.

Any literary attempt to get at the psychology of the neoconservative intellectual has a built-in interest. Saul Bellow first offered a hint of how the

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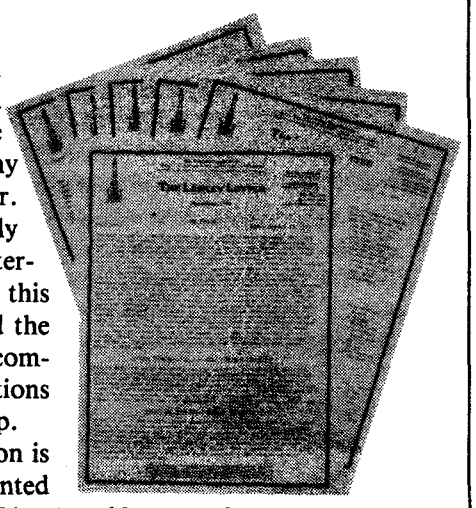

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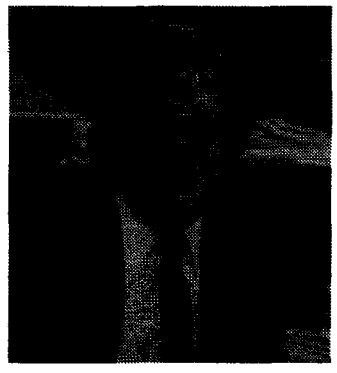

Ralph J. Lemley, Senior Vice President of the Chicago Corporation and author of the monthly Lemley Letter.

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job might be done with his aged character, Artur Sammler. In a recent story by Elizabeth Hardwick, "On the Eve," the Bellovian world of New York's upper Broadway and its fashionable upper Madison Avenue are viewed through the eyes of a neoconservative intellectual. The passing scene, with its androgynous dress styles, and the titles in a bookstore window, confirm for this intellectual his political conversion from liberalism. Though hardly friendly to her character, Hardwick gives him an active intellect and treats him with authorial sympathy. In contrast, Stoppard seems bent on humiliating Henry, who is given woefully inadequate political attitudes that serve only to discredit his position.

One wonders what can have caused Stoppard's creative failure in the very realm of ideas where he has always been strongest. His alter ego, Henry, may possibly offer a clue when, just before pronouncing on public postures and private derangements, he speaks of the current "desire to be taken for properly motivated members of the caring society." What are our real motivations? he asks.

One of us is probably kicking his father, a policeman. Another is worried that his image is getting a bit too right-of-center.

Having devoted himself to publicizing the depradations of East European Communism in a country, England, where the political center among intellectuals lies even further to the left than it does in the United States, Stoppard may well have had some worries about his image. Certainly *The Real Thing* seems calculated to demonstrate that he rejects the lack of caring that critics of neoconservatism invariably associate with its opinions. What Stoppard seems not to have anticipated, though, is that a critic like Erika Munk would show no interest whatsoever in subtle repositionings, whether of the right or center. For her, if Henry stands for Stoppard, and Stoppard's politics are right of center, then the play is *ipso facto* "shallowly reactionary in its art and its politics."

Stoppard, in the interview that placed Auden's remark on private derangement and public postures at the center of *The Real Thing,* said that "in the short term" journalistic work can help change the world. But in the long term, he believed, art operates more profoundly if less directly "on our moral sensibilities." In *The Real Thing* Henry similarly hopes to put words together well enough to "nudge the world a little." Stoppard himself may or may not have succeeded in altering his audience's perceptions through the love story that lies at the heart of his play. But his shallow treatment and ultimate dismissal of politics hardly nudges anyone in a meaningful direction. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

CLERICAL MATERIALISM IN MEXICO'S SOUTHEAST

by Mary Ball Martínez

There is an alarming amount of violence and lawlessness in Mexico right now but not where it shows. From nearly every point of view the country appears to be holding on in a remarkable way. Repayment of the crushing foreign debt is somehow being managed. Imports above basic necessities have been stopped. Devaluation is neatly programmed at a fraction of one American cent per day. Local elections in several key states passed off without incident. Foreign tourists are as welcome and as pleased as ever and the country's president can still face crowds with notably fewer bodyguards than the average chief executive. The calm won't last, some say. But in August 1981 when the crisis hit, few thought the calm would last a month. Now day by day, week by week, confidence grows.

For all its pain Mexico has not slipped into disorder. However there is one area, little noticed abroad or even by the rest of Mexico, which is nearly as ebullient as parts of Central America. The State of Chiapas, sprawling over cool mountains, hot brushland, and jungle along the 600-mile line where North America ends, is so far from major population centers and so cut off from the capital as to seem another country. But for an occasional anthropologist and a back-packing American or European student, few foreigners visit the region, Mexicans never, unless their business demands it. Several Mexico City dailies maintain stringers in Tuxtla-Gutiérrez, the state capital, but their often sensational reports are invariably reduced to a paragraph or two on an inside page. Chiapas, however, is Mexico's future, its only possible Next Frontier. The region has everything—fertile soil, an abundance of water, and wide, relatively unpopulated spaces waiting to be developed.

Things are bad down there right now although it takes a good deal of patient inquiry to find out just what is wrong. Trouble doesn't show on the surface in the graceful 450-year-old town of San Cristóbal de las Casas where one walks across the central plaza to the sound of Beethoven piano sonatas wired from the trees. It was the second movement of the "*Appassionata*" that held me for cloudless minutes as I crossed over to the cathedral and an appointment with Bishop Samuel Ruiz Florez. Later I would wish I had left the interview until the end of my visit. Only after many talks with *Chiapanecos* of different social levels would I come to know the extent of bitterness against this man, learn of his escape from a street demonstration when the crowd shouted, "Go to Russia!" or hear outbursts like, "The Bishop is responsible for all the trouble in this state!" and even, "They're going to get him one of these days, they're going to kill him the way they killed Romero in El Salvador!"

I had met Msgr. Ruiz at a Vatican press conference back in the mid-1970s. Certain Latin American bishops had been invited to Rome to talk with the heads of the West German charity organizations, *Adveniat* and *Misere,* in order to convince them that money donated by the faithful of Germany was not being used (as it certainly was) to promote leftist causes. Most suspect, even then, were Archbishop Romero of San Salvador and Bishop Ruiz of San Cristóbal de las Casas. Fears must have been quieted because the flow of marks for Marx went on and continues today.

Perhaps it was the Vatican connection that put His Excellency on guard when I asked him how many Guatemalan refugees were encamped along the nearby frontier. Who was feeding them? Was the Church involved? The UN? Were there guerrillas in the region? If not, who was invading farmland and murdering the owners? I had questions aplenty but after an unusually difficult hour I understood that Msgr. Ruiz was not going to provide the answers.

Another recommended contact, one Father Eugenio, turned out to be in jail on a charge of smuggling arms to Central America. Someone suggested I talk with the supervisor of the seminary. Xavier—"progressive" Latin American clergy dislike being called "Father"—invited me into his office and explained that the reason why the school appeared to be empty was that the students were living and working with the Indians in the villages. But later a young priest, one of several who have been denied a post in the diocese for refusing to preach Marxism, told me there are no seminarians, none at all.

A balding, chain-smoking man in his forties Father Xavier said that, thanks to *Adveniat,* he had spent a few years at a German university and that he now forms part of Bishop Ruiz's team of 35 priests who have learned to preach in the native dialects and are dedicated to raising the consciousness of the Indians. Catholics abroad were being generous, he said, particularly with regard to his present work of contacting the Central American refugees. He showed me a proof he was correcting, a bulletin to be given out to the press in Spanish and then go overseas in German translation.

I saw that the paper dealt exclusively with reported cruelties practiced by Guatemalan officers and men on their own peasants. As I read I began to smile. Xavier hurriedly recovered the paper, "What do you find that's funny? Don't you believe that's what they do? They cut off the man's head, rip up the belly of the woman, stuff the head inside the belly and sew it up?" When I couldn't manage a serious expression he became angry. "I know what you think! You think this is Communist propaganda, don't you?"

Of course I did. Just as I think what Anthony Lewis writes in the *New York Times* is: "It's common practice for Guatemalan soldiers to throw infants in the air to catch them on their bayonets." And what Argentina's

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Nobel Prize winner Gabriel Garcia Marquéz asserts: "Guatemalan military cut the hearts out of their victims, drink their blood and eat their livers."

I had not yet been to Central America when I talked with Father Xavier. Later I would spend several days with young officers of the Guatemalan Army at an outpost deep in mountains they had rescued from the guerrillas and I would find them wonderfully solicitous of the Indian peasants they were helping rebuild an existence after the terror. I would also spend long hours with village families, listening to their accounts of fright and flight and hear their expressions of gratitude for all the government and the army were doing for them.

But questionable involvement in the untidy problem of Central American refugees is only one aspect of the destabilizing efforts of the diocesan *équipe* at San Cristóbal. What might be called their Land Policy bears more directly on the troubles of Mexico's southeast—"southeast," not "far south" because of the sharp turn toward the Atlantic of land along the Gulf of Mexico, a curve which makes San Cristóbal and even Guatemala City nearer to New York than is Los Angeles.

Chiapas is Indian country. While the majority of Mexicans claim some mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, *mestizo* life since earliest colonial times has followed the mainstream of the West leaving only small, isolated enclaves of truly indigenous communities. Today except in the states of Oaxaca and Chiapas not many of these pockets remain; however, nearly half the people of Mexico's southeastern mountains and virtually all the people of Guatemala's contiguous northwestern mountains are descendants of the ancient Mayas. Life among them is not very different from what it was when the Spaniards arrived in the early 1500s.

For half a century anthropologists have fussed over these people, looking into and noting down every aspect of their lives. The Mexican government has offered them bilingual instruction, recreation centers, and concrete village halls. Successive Guatemalan administrations, including the present one, have tried to entice them into becoming enterprising farmers with gifts of land, tools, and seed. The outlawed Guatemalan Left has attempted to terrorize them into becoming Marxists and the 35 priests of San Cristóbal aim at the same goal, calling it "pastoral awakening." While by and large these outside pressures have only served to make the indigenous communities more withdrawn, partial success must be credited Bishop Ruiz and his men with their envigorating slogan, "the land belongs to the Indians."

Latin American peasants are said to be kept landless by the greed of absentee owners of vast estates. But on the scene in Chiapas one hears a different story. It seems that every village has at its disposal considerable extensions of what is known as "communal land," a surprising amount of which is yet to be cultivated. This land indeed belongs to the Indians but this is not the land that interests either the ecclesiastical or the political agitators who urge the seizure of farms already under cultivation. That these holdings are not extensive *latifundos* can be seen from the case, a typical one, of the relatively small township of Simojovel some 50 miles north of San Cristóbal where, during the winter of 1982 and spring of 1983, no fewer than forty flourishing small farms were invaded.

Invasion means devastation. If the owners are lucky and the mob's consciousness has not been raised to the machete-wielding level, they can flee to safety in the towns while their houses burn to the ground, their cattle run wild, and their crops are left to rot. Sometimes they are not so lucky. At Chalchihuitán on the night of March 23, 1983 ten members of the Pérez-Lopez family, aged 9 to 80, were dragged from their beds, chopped to pieces, and their dismembered bodies left to burn in their farm buildings.

Writing in Mexico City's *Excelsior,* columnist Margarita Michelena notes: "Whereas Simojovel was producing tobacco, coffee, beans, and corn in abundance there is now scarcely corn to make tortillas for the few folk who remain. All this invaded land is left to be manipulated by who knows what powers behind the scenes while diocesan authorities move on to the next step in their much vaunted 'change of structures.' "

Marxist Nicaragua is run by "progressive" Catholic priests, except for Cuban-trained layman Daniel Ortega. That a similar situation could occur in Mexico is out of the question. The country is too big, its society too complex, and its history too marked by anti-clericalism. As for sporadic far-left uprisings, the all powerful political party, the PRI, has quite simply erased them whenever they reached nuisance level. Nor do outrages in Mexico's far southeast pose any direct problem to the United States.

What goes on in San Cristóbal de las Casas is important in another way. Given its proximity to an extended frontier even more difficult to patrol than the one along the Rio Grande, the little colonial city can be seen as a transfer point for subversion up and down the Americas.

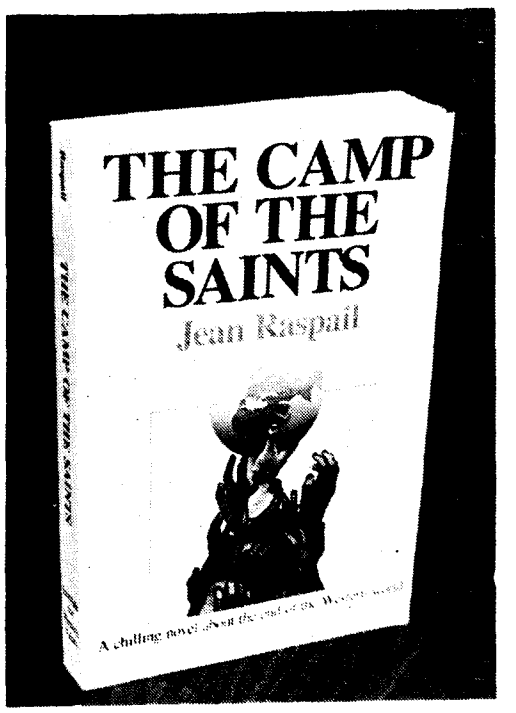
While the townfolk are apt to perceive only the disruptive activities of their bishop and his staff, other elements must be taken into account as well. Two minor political parties, the PSUM (actually the Mexican Communist Party) and the PMT are hard at work, often directing aroused consciousness to its logical goal of total violence. Heading the PMT, the Mexican Workers Party, is the civil engineer José Alvarez Icaza, prominent in far-left Catholic circles since the days of the Second Vatican Council. Like Nicaragua's minister of culture, Trappist monk Ernesto Cardenal, Alvarez Icaza is involved in the Christians for Peace Movement with headquarters in Prague, Czechoslovakia.

Then there is a young East German woman, connected with Berkeley's Boycott-Tourism-to-Guatemala committee, who runs a café in San Cristóbal which is also a briefing center for journalists interested in the refugee story. Her office offers a bulletin full of horror fiction about Guatemala along with medical bulletins from the refugee camps put out by bogus doctors.

And finally, there are times when this region, so far from central authority, takes on the flavor of America's Old West. At Acala last summer rival mayoral candidates, *Señores* Vidal and Grijales, managed to shoot each other dead.

In the *Excelsior* article Miss Michelena reports coming upon a fascinating bit of paper, a telephone bill of the priest in charge of the little parish church in Simojovel. Total amount due for one month: 69,200 pesos or about 485 dollars. Nearly all of the charges were for calls made to two numbers in downtown Managua, Nicaragua. □

Will Immigration Mean the End of the Western World?



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BOOK REVIEWS

ISRAEL IN THE MIND OF AMERICA

Peter Grose/Alfred A. Knopf/$17.95

Rael Jean Isaac

Israel in the Mind of America by Peter Grose is a gracefully written history of the idea, in America, of a Jewish state and of the eventual response of a Christian political leadership to the struggle of Jews to make the idea a reality in the immediate aftermath of World War II.

Grose has stated that the book was originally intended as a diplomatic history. A Midwestern Baptist who became a reporter for the *New York Times,* serving as bureau chief both in Israel and in Moscow, Grose in 1977 joined the policy planning staff of the State Department. When he left a year later, State Department archives for the 1948 period were being opened (as were those at the British and Israeli Foreign Offices), and Grose decided to take advantage of the newly available resources to study the circumstances surrounding the birth of Israel. But he discovered that the documents, as he puts it, were "quite meaningless." He turned to a study of the assumptions that underlay the diplomatic exchanges and eventually to a historical exploration of American attitudes toward Jews, but especially toward the restoration of Jews to Palestine.

Grose provides an absorbing account of the history of the Zionist idea in the United States, starting on the Christian side with Pastor John McDonald of Albany's Chapel Street Presbyterian Church in 1814 and among the Jews with Mordecai Noah, a flamboyant editor-diplomat who first offered his Zionist platform from the pulpit of New York's Shearith Israel synagogue in 1818. Nonetheless, the best part of the book remains the diplomatic history of the 1940s, as Grose examines the intense cross pressures under which American policy toward the creation of a Jewish state was fashioned.

Among non-Jews opposition to Zionism was focused in the State Department (which in 1941 tried to issue a "reverse Balfour Declaration" promising the U.S. would no longer flirt with "ill-considered Zionist aspirations"), the oil companies, and churches with missionary establishments in the Middle East. (The groups were not wholly discrete: The children of missionaries, familiar with Arabic and the Arab world, to a considerable extent became State Department Arabists.)

Within American Jewry, the situation was more complex. For a long time Zionism had little support among American Jews. Although the balance shifted sharply as the rise of Hitler, and the closed doors of the democracies, made the need for a haven obvious, important elements of the Jewish leadership, including the influential American Jewish Committee, remained staunchly anti-Zionist until Israel was a *fait accompli.* The Zionists were themselves divided. There were establishment Zionists, again divided into those emphasizing behind-the-scenes efforts and those scorning diplomacy in favor of mobilizing public opinion. And there were dissident Zionists, who identified with opponents of the Labor leadership in the Jewish community in Palestine. They supported the underground Irgun, which was hunted not only by the British but by the Jewish Agency-controlled Haganah. Dissent on Zionism was compounded by bitter differences in the early 1940s on how to react to the Holocaust, with establishment Zionists cooperating with U.S. government efforts not to draw public attention to these matters. While the government's motive was to avoid pressure for any actions to save Jews, many in the Jewish leadership went along out of fear that the war against the Axis might come to be perceived as a "Jewish war."

Grose describes the disunity among Jews, but his probe is not as full as it might have been. For this, a reader will have to turn to the recently published *Years of Wrath, Days of Glory*[1], by Yitzhak Ben Ami, a leader of the dissident Zionists. Jewish leaders trying to undercut others conducted an unedifying parade to a State Department only too eager to find ammunition against *any* Zionist groups. State's Breckenridge Long is baldly described as "anti-Semitic" by Grose, who errs on the side of caution, not overstatement. As head of the visa section, his philosophy, as Grose notes, was simple: "Keep them out." To this unlikely ally Zionist leaders Rabbi Stephen Wise and Nahum Goldmann turned in their efforts to stop the dissident Hebrew Committee for National Liberation. The Hebrew Committee had enlisted writer Ben Hecht, who produced an emotional pageant called "We Will Never Die" with the aid of a galaxy of top talent including Moss Hart and Kurt Weill. In 1944 the vice president of the American Jewish Committee made a pilgrimage to the State Department. As Ben Ami notes, he too sought to eliminate the Hebrew Committee for National Liberation (suggesting that its leader be expelled from the country), but also tried to undercut establishment Zionist Goldmann, arguing that as "an alien" he should not be recognized as a spokesman for American Jewry.

In a recent talk, Grose said he was surprised reviewers had overlooked what he felt was the major contribution of his book: a revision of the conventional wisdom which has seen Harry Truman as more sympathetic to Jewish national aspirations than Franklin Roosevelt. Roosevelt, Grose shows, was captivated by the Zionist idea and entertained ambitious plans for the transfer of Palestine's Arab population, chiefly to Iraq, the cost to be met by the United States, England, France, and wealthy Jews in the Western democracies. Treasury Secretary Morgenthau recalled Roosevelt musing in 1942: "I actually would put a barbed wire fence around Palestine, and I would begin to move the Arabs out . . . " On the other hand, Grose notes that Zionism, as an idea, did not move Truman, and he shows clearly that Truman was irritated by the importunings and demands of Zionist pressure groups.

Actually, for this reader, far from disturbing the conventional wisdom, Grose offers ample evidence to confirm it. Roosevelt was prone to sweeping schemes, and quick to abandon them when practical impediments to their realization appeared. Vain about his personal charm, Roosevelt, as Grose says, "decided to try settling the whole problem of Palestine in a face-to-face meeting with Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud." Accordingly, after Yalta (where, to judge from the agreement, Stalin did the charming), Roosevelt set out for the Great Bitter Lake, midway through the Suez Canal, where he met the King on the American cruiser *Quincy*. "I had an exceedingly pleasant meeting with Ibn Saud," the President reported, "and we agreed about everything until I mentioned

[1]Shengold, $17.50.

Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery-Gateway).*

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Palestine." Since agreement on Palestine was the purpose of the meeting, that was an important exception. Roosevelt seems to have been persuaded by Ibn Saud's charm, for he told Stettinius that we must "reexamine our entire policy in Palestine" and informed Congress: "On the problem of Arabia, I learned more about that whole problem, the Moslem problem, the Jewish problem, by talking with Ibn Saud for five minutes than I could have learned in the exchange of two or three dozen letters." Grose himself notes that David Niles, White House assistant first to Roosevelt and later to Truman, whom Grose credits with a major role in the behind-the-scenes maneuvers that led to Truman's prompt recognition of Israel, said there are "serious doubts in my mind that Israel would have come into being if Roosevelt had lived."

As for Truman, Grose may be right in saying the "idea" of Jewish statehood had no romantic or religious appeal to him, but he also shows that Truman's instinct was to support a Jewish state, even though this brought Harry into sharp conflict with the bureaucracies at State and Defense. Moreover, once the state existed, Truman learned to appreciate both its historic and "romantic" dimension. For example, Grose reports that David Niles was present when Israel's chief rabbi told Truman: "God put you in your mother's womb so you would be the instrument to bring about Israel's rebirth after two thousand years." Niles was embarrassed: "I thought he was overdoing things," but on glancing at Truman saw to his amazement "tears were running down his cheeks." And Grose reports that when he was introduced at a meeting as "the man who helped create the State of Israel" Truman retorted: "What do you mean, 'helped create'? I am Cyrus, I am Cyrus!"

Grose falls victim to the occupational hazard of the diplomatic historian in placing too much emphasis on the words and fancies of his protagonists, too little on their actions, too much weight on the diplomatic dimension, and too little upon other determinants of events. While the story Grose tells is interesting and important, the decisive events in the creation of Israel did not, as Grose thinks, take place either in Washington or at Lake Success, where the UN voted to partition Palestine. Once England, under military pressure from the dissident underground organizations, the Irgun and Lechi ("the Stern Gang," as it was known here), decided in 1947 to give up the Mandate, it was inevitable that the fate of Palestine would be decided by the force of arms. The Haganah's leader Yitzhak Sadeh realized this, and Grose quotes him: "If the vote [at the UN] is positive, the Arabs will make war on us. And if the vote is negative, then it is we who will make war on the Arabs." The overwhelming preponderance of opinion was that in a battle between Arabs and Jews, the Arabs would carry out a repeat performance of the Turkish massacre of Armenians at Musa Dagh. British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin, who seemed rather to relish the prospect, informed Secretary of State George Marshall: "They [the Jews] would get their throats cut." Nor were these views surprising. Ben Ami points out that only 10 percent of the Jewish Agency's budget went to the Haganah, its military arm, and Golda Meir admitted that when independence was declared the Haganah had only "fourteen hundred guns all over the country . . ."

But the Jews were stronger and the Arabs weaker than anyone realized, including the combatants themselves. The Arabs' false sense of strength made the temptation irresistible to clear out the Zionists for good once the departure of the British opened the way. Meanwhile, the Jews' sense of weakness left them hesitant, but there were also internal pressures on the Jewish Agency to announce creation of the state. Ben Ami describes the incessant pressures that his Irgun support-operation in the United States put on Menachem Begin to declare a provisional government and Begin's promise to do so if the Jewish Agency failed to act. Oddly enough, after the British decision to leave, the most important decision for the birth of Israel taken outside the region was the Czech decision, with Soviet permission, to arm the infant state.

Perhaps the most salient theme of Grose's book is the confusion and cross purposes characterizing American policy toward Israel. Pro-Arab and pro-Zionist pressure groups engaged in their tug-of-war with policy makers trying to satisfy both. Misunderstanding of the region abounded. The State Department had a realistic appreciation of Arab opposition to Zionism but predicted wrongly that a complete cut-off of Arab oil would follow Israel's creation. The Defense Department saw Israel as a future Soviet stronghold: As late as March 1948, Grose points out, the Joint Chiefs of Staff warned Truman that the dominant Labor party of the Jewish Agency "stems from the Soviet Union and its satellite states . . . and ideologically is much closer to the Soviet Union than to the United States."

In its confused way, the United States voted for partition but then reversed itself (to Truman's fury, who had authorized the switch without realizing it!), voting for international trusteeship instead. Truman made the United States the first country to recognize Israel, but approved an arms embargo which, since the Arabs had plentiful sources of supply, was equivalent to a death sentence. (The Czechs rescued Israel from it.)

Grose essentially ends his story in 1948 but the importance of his account stems from the continuity of America's contradictory behavior since then. The United States gave generous economic aid to Israel in its first decade, but denied it permission to *buy* arms until the mid-1960s. (Apparently still under the spell of the State Department's visions of Arab power, Eisenhower tried to persuade French Prime Minister Guy Mollet in 1956 that there was no point in selling arms to Israel because 1.7 million Jews could not possibly defend themselves against 40 million Arabs.) With Britain and France, the U.S. endorsed the Tripartite Declaration, which promised that if Israel or its Arab neighbors violated the armistice lines, the signers of the declaration would "act both within and without the framework of the United Nations in order to prevent such a violation." But by 1956, as the threats to Israel mounted in the wake of heavy Soviet arms sales to Egypt, the U.S. explicitly renounced the declaration.

Since 1967 the U.S. has given Israel extensive military and economic aid, but has often sought to undermine her politically. The Rogers Plan of 1969, calling for Israel to return to her pre-1967 borders with "insubstantial changes," gave way in 1983 to the Reagan Plan which, *mirabile dictu,* called for exactly the same thing. "Territories for peace" as the U.S. formula for the Arab-Israeli conflict may in fact go back to 1955, when Secretary

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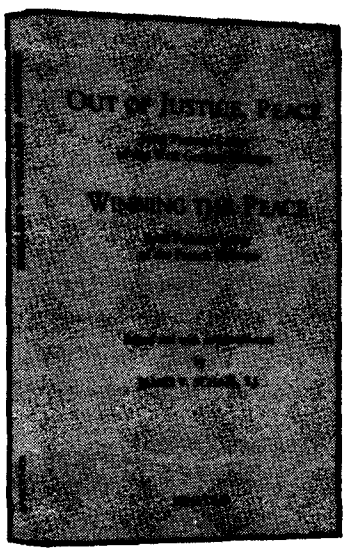

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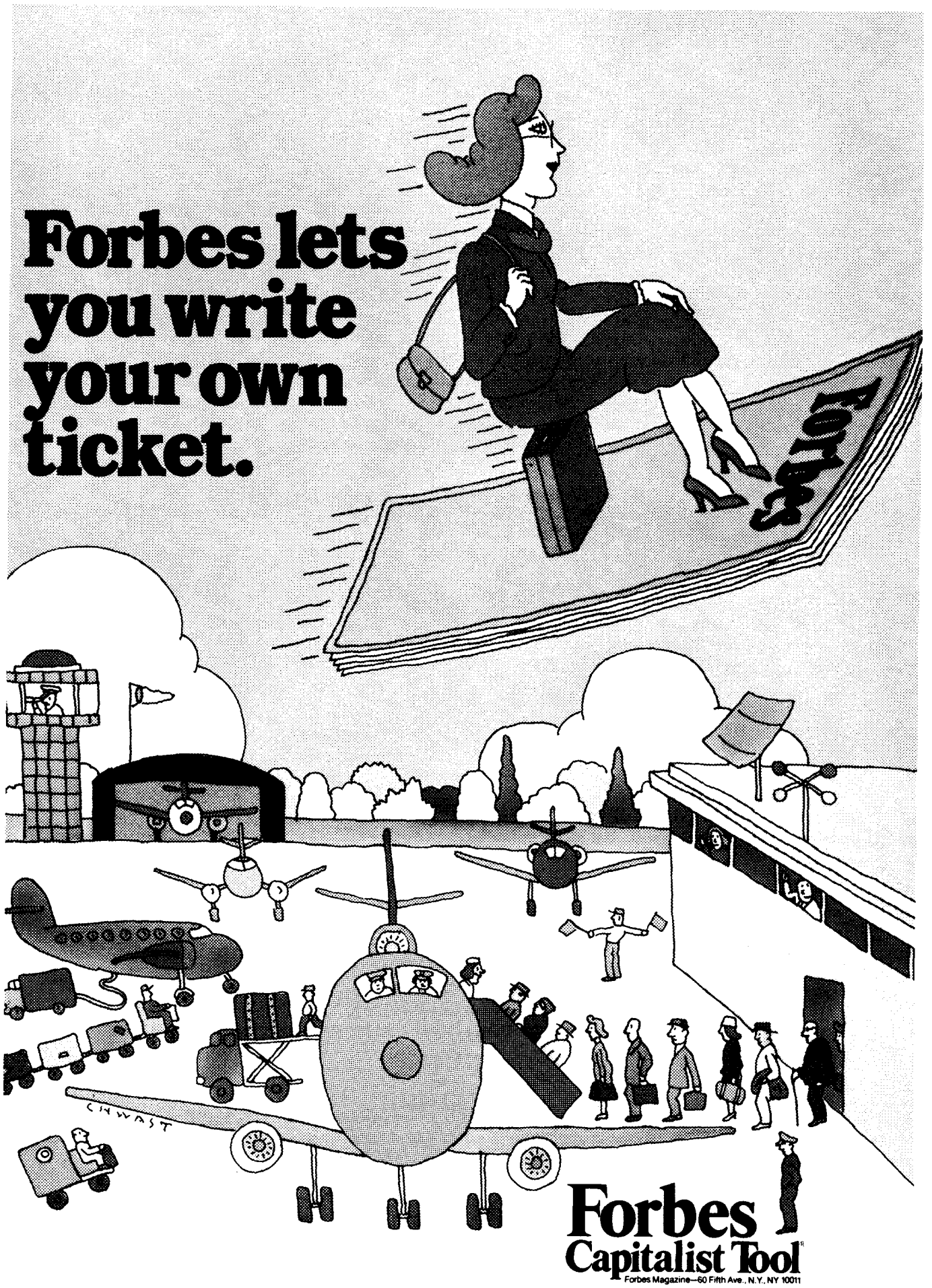
of State Dulles, in a major foreign policy address, suggested Israel give up the Negev. What the formula overlooks is the essential point that Arab opposition to the existence of Israel extends to her existence in *any* boundaries. Today it is clear that the peace treaty with Egypt, which marked Israel's experiment with the formula, will have as its chief long-term result Israel's political weakening, i.e., the loss of oil, airfields, and strategic space. The January 21, 1984 *New York Times* reports that Morocco's King Hassan quoted President Mubarak as saying: "Camp David remains alive only in the minds of the Arabs. In . . . Egypt, it is drained of its substance because Egypt obtained, thanks to Camp David, what it wanted."

What then does the United States want? Does it want to shore up Israel as a potential ally in the region against Soviet penetration? Its heavy commitment of economic aid and military hardware suggests that it does. Does it want to jeopardize Israel's survival by forcing her back to the old nine-mile waist at her heavily populated plain? The entire thrust of U.S. diplomacy suggests that it does. In short, now as then, the U.S. gives every indication of not knowing what it wants or what it is doing.

From the habitual misreading of the Arab world have flowed consequences going well beyond those affecting Israel. The present predicament of the United States in Lebanon is a product of the willful delusions of our policy makers. The U.S. sent its "peacekeeping force" in, after the massacre in the Palestinian camps by Phalangist forces, in order to give the Lebanese army a little time to take over internal security. It found what the Israelis had kept saying and our own intelligence should have confirmed: namely, that there was no Lebanese army. Rather than the 21,000 men it believed the army had the U.S. soon discovered the real figure was only 10,000 men and many of these had not been in uniform for years. By January 1984 General Ibrahim Tannous, commander of the Lebanese army, was quoted as saying that morale and leadership was so bad "the army was starting over at less than zero."

Equally serious, the U.S. harbored the delusion that our diplomacy, rather than Israel's military force, is what dislodged the PLO from Beirut. Heady with imagined triumph, American diplomats were sure they could accomplish the same feat with Syria. The *New York Times* quotes a "senior official" conceding that American diplomats "had the feeling that we could do anything. What we'd done with the PLO was a real stunt that no one believed we could accomplish."

Accordingly, rather than seize the moment of Syria's defeat by Israeli forces and the presence of those forces in positions threatening Damascus to obtain a simultaneous Israeli-Syrian withdrawal, the U.S. decided to press only for an Israeli withdrawal—from the West Bank! For months the cautious Hussein dallied over the Reagan Plan (Israel rejected it outright) before rejecting it for lack of PLO support. Crucial months passed while the Soviet Union rebuilt Syria's forces. And even after its disappointment with Jordan, the U.S. ignored Syria, turning its entire efforts toward obtaining Israeli agreement to withdraw. After all, the U.S. had negotiated the PLO out of Beirut. Why not in good time negotiate the Syrians out of Lebanon? But by now, the U.S. had lost all its negotiating cards. Israel, whose people were accustomed to fighting only wars of survival, was tired of its casualties and despaired of achieving the result it had hoped for—a stable, friendly northern neighbor. It retreated unilaterally from the Shouf mountain area, much reducing the threat to Syria. Syria could now



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afford to wait out the Israelis and the Americans.

Pushed out of Lebanon, with no way to prevent Syria's *de facto* control of the country, the U.S. is falling back on its policy of sending Israel back to its pre-1967 borders. This time the policy has had the most serious consequences to date in that it has involved the U.S. administration in a betrayal of its fundamental principles. When Ronald Reagan became President he declared that he would make the battle against terrorism the centerpiece of his human rights strategy. Yet as Arafat, the symbol of world terrorism, emerged from yet another debacle in Lebanon (in violation of his original undertaking, Arafat returned to Lebanon, only to be expelled by a rebellion within his own ranks) to embrace President Mubarak in Egypt, the U.S. administration openly welcomed the embrace, now counting on Arafat to help it secure its policy goals against Israel. This marked a collapse of the moral center of American policy. Nor will this nor can this achieve anything of substance, for there is no way in which Arafat, given the nature of Arab politics, can even pretend to make peace with Israel.

Grose's book is marred by its Epilogue. Instead of picking up the theme of the continued contradictions of American policy, Grose chooses to write a brief history of events since 1948. Conceding the difficulty of compressing what has happened into 17 pages, there is no excuse for what Grose does. His description of the 1967 war gives no hint that it was precipitated by the Arabs as Nasser closed the Straits of Tiran, threw out the UN force, sent a huge army into the Sinai, and announced on May 27: "Our basic objective will be the destruction of Israel." Grose treats the 1967 war as if it were an *intentional* working out by Israel of Weizmann's declaration that Israel could be "trusted to regain its territorial patrimony." (For the sophisticated reader it is ironic to find Weizmann, whose willingness to compromise and aversion to force ultimately lost him the support of even the hesitant Labor leadership, quoted as the "authority" for Israel's conquest of Judea and Samaria.) Grose makes no mention of the post-1967 Labor government's policy of territories-for-peace, which was met by the three "noes" of Khartoum: no negotiations, no recognition, no peace with Israel.

The discussion of the Yom Kippur War is equally misleading. It is treated as the product of Israel's failure to make concessions, i.e., of *policy* failure, rather than a failure of the armed forces to maintain readiness and of the intelligence services to accept information that contradicted the "doctrine" conceived by its head. Grose describes the war's end: "For nine more days the battles raged, until a ceasefire finally took hold on October 24. The war had come to stalemate . . . " Actually, of course, Israel had trapped and encircled the Egyptian Third Army and the war did not "come to stalemate" by some military balance of forces. A halt was forced upon Israel by the United States, in turn responding to Soviet threats of direct intervention. Grose treats Kissinger's intervention as *following* the war (the famous shuttle diplomacy), but it was his intervention *during* the war that was decisive.

Grose's description of the rise of the "Palestinian problem" is also wide of the mark. According to Grose: "The Arab governments suffered defeat in 1967, and from that debacle came a national force of disenfranchised Arab Palestinians." But "disenfranchised Arab Palestinians" were the product of Israel's War for Independence in 1948. What happened after 1967 was that the Arabs adopted a new public relations strategy which had been suggested to them, but rejected, earlier. This was to focus upon the Palestinian Arabs as a *national* entity. Prior to 1967 this was seen as a dangerous strategy, for the West Bank was Arab-controlled and the Palestinians could have assumed sovereignty over it. It suited Arab purposes far better to speak of refugees, with Israel in the pre-1949 borders the place in which they were to be settled. And if the conscience of the world was stirred after 1967 as it had not been before, it is surely misleading to leave out the rise of OPEC as a factor in stirring that conscience.

The fashionable orthodoxy of liberal Western journalists that Israel has "lost its soul," endlessly trumpeted by

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the likes of Anthony Lewis (whose endorsement of the book heads the encomiums on the back jacket), is echoed by Grose, although, as always, Grose conveys his message elegantly. He describes a speech in 1958 by American historian Henry Steele Commager, in which he spoke of the differing qualities of Jewish and Arab nationalism:

> While Jewish nationalism was "benign" and devoted to peace, Commager declared, the nationalism of the surrounding lands was committed to "chauvinism, militarism, and territorial and cultural imperialism." Twenty-five years later, it was not clear that the historian's distinctions could be so readily drawn.

How unfortunate that Grose mars a book I would otherwise heartily recommend by such uncritical acceptance of a certain new orthodoxy regarding Israel. □

FINEST HOUR: WINSTON CHURCHILL 1939-1941

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Kenneth Minogue

Each of the wartime allies has a different epitome of the Second World War. For the Russians, it is the grim attrition on the Eastern Front; for the Americans, Pearl Harbor and the Normandy invasions. For the British, it's Dunkirk, and a lone island standing against the unleashed forces of barbarism. And even to state the legend in that way is to invoke Winston Churchill, the legend's creator.

We usually think of legends as stories constructed long after the events that gave them birth, but this is one case where the events could not have happened the way they did if the legend had not been a living presence guiding them. Churchill was among the earliest to decide that the Nazi regime was an evil which would have to be fought and defeated, and when he became prime minister in May 1940 (he had previously been First Lord of the Admiralty) he was able to articulate this vision with such eloquence that it shaped the energies of the people he led. In a remarkable feat of political rhetoric, Churchill's mind and the public life of Britain fused together in an act of psychic mobilization. It was, he later reflected,

> the nation and the race dwelling all round the globe that had the lion's heart. I had the luck to be called upon to give the roar.

In volume VI of the monumental biography of Churchill (which Randolph Churchill began) Martin Gilbert deals with this epic period. Inevitably, much of it leaps from one celebrated speech to the next. His title is taken from one of the most famous:

> Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth lasts for a thousand years men will still say, "This was their finest hour."

These were the words of an inspired director who assigns roles to a cast, and the cast responded with enthusiasm. It now looks inevitable that they should have signed up for the legend, but like most retrospections, this is profoundly mistaken. There were many British politicians of a pragmatic disposition who could see much smarter ways of navigating the ship of state than heading straight for what looked like the reefs of military defeat. To talk of final victory, as Churchill insisted upon doing through the most massive disasters, was to fly in the face of common sense. It is easy to imagine that the national mood might have veered toward skepticism and defeatism, as it did in France, especially given the fact that Hitler's terms of accommodation were likely to be soft.

It is thus evident that, despite all the talk of the forces that determine events, this was a case where the man made the mood, and the mood gave authority to the man. Out of the inarticulacy of the many possible and conflicting emotions the British were then experiencing, Churchill was able to elicit heroic passions to serve the policy he thought necessary. It is quintessentially what is meant by all the clichés about the quality of leadership. His ascendancy over the British mind can be judged by the effect it had even upon somewhat ineffable aesthetes like the Nicolsons. In the aftermath of Dunkirk, Churchill delivered in the Commons the famous speech declaring that Britain would fight on the beaches, and never surrender. He ended by saying:

> . . . and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle until, in God's good time, the new world, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the world.

Vita Sackville West wrote to her husband that, even repeated by the announcer on the radio,

> it sent shivers (not of fear) down my spine. I think that one of the reasons why one is stirred by his Elizabethan phrases is that one feels the whole massive backing of power and resolve behind them, like a great fortress: they are never words for words' sake.

And Harold Nicolson replied to his wife a few days later with the remark:

> I feel so much in the spirit of Winston's great speech that I could face a world of enemies.

In more than 1200 pages, Gilbert is able to open up the legend by an enormous expansion of its scale. We follow Churchill day by day, and at times hour by hour, through the dangerous times. And the legend is so much a part of the reality, that it would be wrong to expect Gilbert to treat it critically; or alternatively to open up the wider strategic issues. Such things lie beyond the scope of a biography. Gilbert does not evade the fact that Churchill was regarded by many of his fellow politicians as unsound. No doubt this was in part the mistrust of genius by the mediocre, but it also reflected the fact that Churchill was prone to entertain brilliant but unworkable ideas. We learn much of the child's delight in clever toys: Projects to drop firebombs on the Black Forest or float mines down the Rhine from Strasbourg are understandable responses to the frustrations of the phony war, when all initiative rested with the Germans. Some of these ideas were dotty, some inspired; fortunately, Churchill could be talked out of them when necessary.

It is always tempting, and it sometimes illuminates a book, to read it through the lens of our own times. Churchill faced a situation not altogether dissimilar to our own: A democratic way of life was challenged by a form of totalitarianism both

Kenneth Minogue is Reader in Political Science at the London School of Economics and author of The Liberal Mind.

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brutal and insidious, and the instinct of many people was to deny the reality of the problem. Once war had begun, Churchill faced this problem in the attitude toward Hitler adopted by the neutrals:

> Small nations [he declared] must not tie our hands when we are fighting for their rights and freedom. The letter of the law must not in supreme emergencies obstruct those who are charged with its protection and enforcement. It would not be right or rational that the Aggressor Power should gain one set of advantages by tearing up all laws, and another set by sheltering behind the innate respect for law of their opponents. Humanity, rather than legality, must be our guide.

Churchill's irritation with the neutrals is one of the persistent themes of this early period of the war. There were, he remarked in an early broadcast, still

> thoughtless dilettanti or purblind worldlings who sometimes ask us: "What is it that Britain and France are fighting for?" To this I answer: "If we left off fighting you would soon find out."

Many of them soon did find out, in spite of the belligerence of the British and the French. From one point of view, Churchill's irritation was merely a lack of imagination. Seeing the conflict in moral terms, in which the British stood for goodness, legality, and the rights of small nations, he found it difficult to understand why he could not count upon their wholehearted support. The neutrals, on the other hand, followed an understandable instinct to lie low and pretend they weren't there. They were terrified of doing anything to attract the attention of this ghastly wild beast on the prowl.

Further, none of them had the slightest confidence in the military capacity of the British and the French; and they were on this point dead right. The allies of 1939 could hardly have protected them from an angry pussy cat, much less a ferocious tiger like Nazi Germany. Twenty years after emerging victorious from the greatest war in history, the British and French had very largely allowed their military capacities to fall into disrepair. The French were frozen in the attitudes of 1918, while a long decade of pacifism had sapped British morale and left her armed forces largely equipped with weapons that belonged in a museum. During the entire period covered by this volume of Gilbert's biography, the energies of the British were almost all devoted to building up the apparatus of trained men and material which would allow them actually to begin to fight a modern war; and it was only luck, and the Channel, which gave them the opportunity to do so. Except for the saga of the Hurricanes and Spitfires in the Battle of Britain, the phony war is a depressing story of inadequate equipment and men sent into battle without proper preparation. The forces sent to Norway, for example, lacked even adequate maps of the terrain on which they would have to fight.

But neutrals are the pharisees of the modern world. They often mask their fear in self-righteousness, and affect a superiority to mere grubby partisans who cannot see beyond their limited point of view. Churchill's irritation on this score comes out most clearly when he introduced the naval estimates to Parliament in February 1940. He described as "one of the most extraordinary things I have ever known" the way in which German illegalities, atrocities, and brutalities "are coming to be accepted as if they were part of the ordinary day to day conditions of war." And he went on:

> Why, Sir, the neutral Press makes more fuss when I make a speech telling them what is their duty than they have done when hundreds of their ships have been sunk and many thousands of their sailors have been drowned or murdered, for that is the right word, on the open sea. Apparently, according to the present doctrine of the neutral States, strongly endorsed by the German Government, Germany is to gain one set of advantages by breaking all the rules and committing foul outrages upon the seas, and then go on and gain another set of advantages through insisting whenever it suits her, upon the strictest interpretation of the International Code she has torn to pieces. It is not at all odd that His Majesty's Government are getting rather tired of it. I am getting rather tired of it myself.

Throughout this period, Churchill's faith was pinned on the United States, the greatest neutral of them all, and in the end the Japanese solved his problem for him. From this point of view, the story of Churchill's life in this period was a cliffhanger: Will the Americans come in? There is, of course, a happy ending. We leave Churchill signaling to Eden: "The accession of the United States makes amends for all, and with time and patience will give certain victory."

Yes—but. In politics, nothing fails like success. The British celebrated their victory, and succumbed to complacency. It is easy to read large parts of *Finest Hour* as a moral fable for our times, no less than a moral legend of Churchill's. In the twentieth century, the success of the Western world has been enormous, but it is precisely the habits bred by success which prove in the long run the most dangerous. □

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Francis Fukuyama is a member of the Political Science Department of the Rand Corporation.

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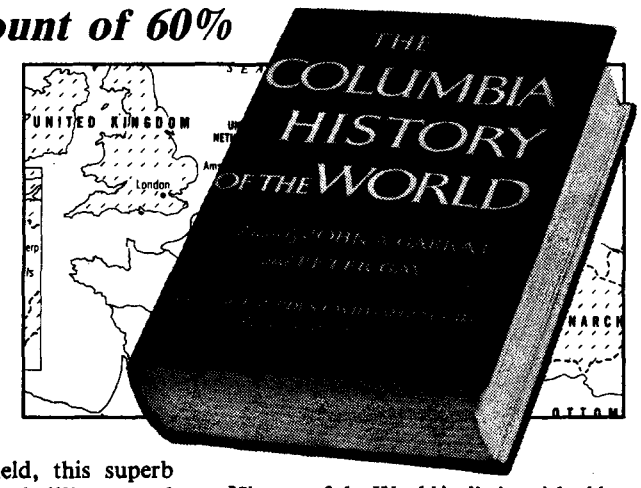

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dropov's conspicuous absences from public view put into question his health and viability, it was clear that the long-anticipated Brezhnev succession was going to be considerably different from previous ones. The advanced age of all of Brezhnev and Andropov's peers and likely successors suggests that before the decade is out the Soviet Union will experience a wholesale generational change among its top leadership apart from a prolonged struggle for the General Secretary's mantle.

After Brezhnev is a highly competent and informative collection of essays which attempts to deal comprehensively with the question of where the Soviet Union is headed both domestically and in its foreign and defense policies. It is a useful book for general readers who want to know something about the status of current thinking on the USSR within the Soviet "profession," and in fact is too long and diverse to summarize effectively. The collection, published under the aegis of the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, is the product of a collaborative effort by a large number of well-qualified specialists on various aspects of the Soviet Union—indeed, the entire list reads like a Who's Who of American and British Sovietology. There are chapters on the political system, the economy, defense policy, foreign policy, Eastern Europe, and social and cultural trends. Each chapter was drafted by a principal author, reportedly in consultation with a committee of three or four other specialists and the other members of the project as a whole. Editor Robert F. Byrnes's preface betrays what I regard as a rather curious desire of the project's organizers to achieve a consensus of sorts on each of these questions. As a result, *After Brezhnev* has many of the advantages and defects of a book written by a committee: While its interpretations tend to be sound, balanced, and well thought-out, they are also rather unexceptional; one is not going to find many new or provocative views expressed here.

It is perhaps appropriate to start with Robert Campbell's chapter on the economy, since it is problems in this area that will provide the major constraints on Soviet domestic and foreign policies for the rest of the decade, regardless of the outcome of the succession crisis. Campbell lucidly defines the structural problems faced by Soviet economic planners. Up until the mid-seventies, the enormous waste and inefficiency inherent in the Soviet system could be masked by extensive mobilization of labor and natural resources. Since then, however, growth in the labor force has stagnated or is occurring in the wrong regions, such as Central Asia. GNP growth must henceforth arise from greater labor productivity, which has actually been *falling* of late.

Campbell points out that while Soviet planners are aware of existing inefficiencies and have instituted an unending series of small reforms to correct them, the real problem lies in the hierarchical administrative structure of the Soviet economy which can be addressed only by a radical systemic reform that would carry grave political implications. It is this hierarchical structure that robs managers of any incentive to exceed plan quotas and leads to the paradoxical situation in which new capital spending actually lowers productivity by allowing for the replacement rather than the maintenance of broken or underutilized equipment. Without substantial devolution or decision-making autonomy—and hence political power—to lower management levels, the system cannot provide incentives for innovation or responsiveness to consumer demands. In the absence of systemic reform, which none of the book's authors regards as likely, Soviet political leaders will inevitably have to choose between cutbacks in consumption, investment, and defense spending. The Polish experience indicates that there are limits to the degree to which consumers can be squeezed—the traditional Stalinist remedy—and the last Brezhnev five-year plan in fact sacrificed investment (and hence long-term economic growth) in the interests of short-term satisfaction of consumer needs.

Will a new generation of Soviet political leaders make fundamentally different choices, either in the direction of reform or a reallocation of resources away from defense? The short answer provided by Seweryn Bialer in his chapter on the political system is no: While Bialer believes that the younger leaders who will come to power by the end of the decade are generally impatient with the older generation and share a vague desire to "get the country moving again," there is nothing in their upbringing or present status to suggest that they will be willing to take the risks required either to promote true reform, or to oversee a return to Stalinist discipline. The evidence does not permit Bialer to be any more precise than this, which is unfortunate, since, as one of the other authors points out, long-term trends can be translated into policies only through the mediation of politics. Bialer's discussion of Andropov is already somewhat dated as the latter's lengthy illness and recent death have moved us prematurely into the post-Andropov era. It is uncertainties such as these which force the authors of *After Brezhnev* to make very general, conditional, and highly qualified prognoses. Such caution is commendable, but may also cause the nonspecialist to wonder how much there is to the field of Sovietology.

Thus Coit Blacker's chapter on the military details the impressive range and dynamism of the Soviet defense buildup, and comes down squarely in the middle of the debate as to whether the Soviets act out of offensive or defensive motives. His conclusions are safe ones: The Soviets will continue their efforts to split Europe from the United States by a combination of peace initiatives and intimidation, and will continue to expand in the Third World. Adam Ulam's chapter on foreign policy presents an informative and useful analysis of the considerations underlying Soviet decision-making in each of the major regions of the world, in a style that will be very familiar to his readers. Ulam implicitly disagrees with Bialer's contention that the foreign policy decisions are increasingly influenced from below by specialists in the various institutes that have sprung up in Moscow over the past decade, among whom Bialer has many contacts. It is indeed legitimate to ask whether these people actually represent a greater openness in the Soviet system, or whether they are not part of a larger and evidently successful Soviet effort to influence elite opinion in this country and in Europe.

Many of the more interesting recent developments in the Soviet Union lie in the social and cultural spheres. Gail Lapidus points out that the rate of population increase in Slavic areas has been dropping so rapidly as to provoke a serious debate over pro-natalist policies that frequently takes on racial and ethnic overtones. Part of this decline is due to a rather dramatic increase in the rate of Soviet infant mor-

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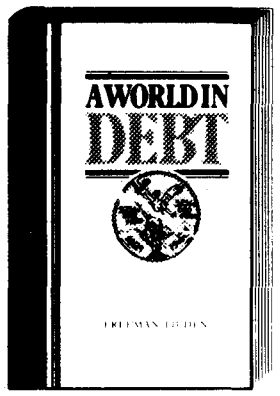

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tality, which sets the USSR off from other industrialized countries. The past decade, moreover, has seen an unquantifiable but undeniable decline in civic morale, reflected in widespread corruption, a loss of optimism about the future, and a growing absorption in private and family life.

While the overall prospects for the Soviet Union as a society presented in this book are not encouraging from the Soviet leadership's standpoint, it is important not to get carried away by current trends. There has been a fairly consistent pattern among American observers of the Soviet Union to exaggerate the problems of the Soviet system and to underestimate its resiliency and dynamism. The doctrine of containment outlined by George Kennan in his famous 1947 "Mr. X" article was premised on the ultimate collapse of the Soviet Union as a result of its internal contradictions. It is instructive to go back and read earlier prognoses of the USSR: Even as hardheaded a book as *Strategic Power and Soviet Foreign Policy,* written by Myron Rush and Arnold Horelick shortly after the Cuban Missile Crisis, rejected the likelihood of a massive Soviet buildup of ICBMs on the grounds that the Soviet leadership could not afford to squeeze consumers to the extent such a policy would imply. Yet this is precisely what happened. Even under the most pessimistic assumptions about future productivity the Soviet economy will continue to grow at slightly under 3 percent per year for the rest of the decade, which as Campbell points out is higher than Western growth rates between 1978 and 1982. The authors of *After Brezhnev* do not of course predict that the USSR will collapse or that the Kremlin leadership will face a major crisis in the eighties. Nonetheless, it is salutary to remember in the face of all the negative news we hear about it that, like the poor, the Soviet Union will always be with us. □

A PARTISAN VIEW: FIVE DECADES OF THE LITERARY LIFE
William Phillips/Stein and Day/$19.95

Thomas Mallon

If longevity were granted only to the admirable, we would be denied some instructive spectacles. Would, for example, the exposure of Anthony Blunt have been quite so edifying had he not still been alive to soak up its shame (and, admittedly, the sympathy of the addled)? And were Lillian Hellman still not around to prolong her squalid lawsuit against Mary McCarthy, would we not all be deprived of one more reminder of just how difficult the life of the mind was for anybody possessing one in the 1930s? With Stalinist sympathizers in so many of the editorial saddles that counted in New York in those days, it took a heroism scarcely imaginable to write about politics clearly and whole, a toughness that makes today's complaints about liberal bias in the media, even when they're right, seem like pantywaisted whining. The thirties: Was there ever a decade when the playing was more for keeps?

It is especially good to see longevity granted William Phillips, who is instructive *and* admirable, and whose story shows a man both made and worn out by the ideological course corrections of a lifetime. With his own ability to write blocked up for most of his life, he spent fifty years editing for others the honest patch of ground that has been *Partisan Review.*

The John Reed Club didn't know what it was getting into when it allowed Phillips and Philip Rahv to start the magazine with the club's sponsorship early in the thirties. Phillips, never a Communist party member himself, had in mind a magazine that would "reconcile the modernist spirit, which was often conservative and antihistorical, with a political consciousness that emphasized the historical dimensions of art." If he didn't think literature existed in a social vacuum, he still believed in letting it breathe a little air of its own. The average John Reed Club member viewed literature as a socialist tool roughly on the order of a truncheon or a rutabaga quota, but Phillips and Rahv somehow managed for the nine issues (a little more than two years) that the magazine lived under the club's dubious protection. Phillips illustrates the subtlety of the prevailing Left literary sensibility of those days with the following story:

> It was the time of the famous Scottsboro case, which involved the arrest of several young black men accused of raping two white girls. At a meeting of the club a letter from one of the blacks was read, which sounded like this: "I din't jazz no girls. I din't jazz nobody. Nobody jazzed no girls," etc. for two or three pages. When the reading was over, one John Reed Club member jumped up and announced, "This is literature."

When *Partisan Review* came fully up from the club's fetid air to begin its "raucous, impious, and intransigent" life as an independent magazine, it stuck to its heroic guns and kept its pages open to the surgeries of New Criticism, the delicacies of Lionel Trilling, and, yes, the Marxism of those like Rahv. It was a bracing, instead of runny, pluralism; let the best "ism" win: "Marxism in culture, we think," said a statement of editorial aims in the first non-John Reed issue, "is first of all an instrument of analysis and evaluation; and if, in the last instance, it prevails over other disciplines, it does so through the medium of democratic controversy." Communist thinkers had, says Phillips in a sentence he doesn't seem to realize is funny, their own range: "Communist intellectuals ran the gamut from the natural or induced innocence of the rank-and-file mentality to the professional cynicism of those who knew what they were doing." Some gamut!

Partisan Review finished the decade still flying its banners of high culture and democratic leftism. But the Second World War that followed was not its most honorable hour. As Phillips states: "Our hatred for Hitler and our concern for civil liberties and for the fate of the Jews made most of us passive if not active supporters of the war." This strikes me as rather like telling the Lord that, well, you won't interfere with the harrowing of Hell if He'll just be quick about it. (It is here that William Barrett's charge that *Partisan Review*'s high-mindedness sometimes constituted a kind of truancy from reality has the most validity.[1])

By the late forties, when the intellectual waters were once more befouled by fellow-traveling, *Partisan Review* was ready to take sides in the two-sided world that had emerged from the war: "It is clear . . . that the 'liberals' are embarked upon nothing less than a policy of *appeasement of Russia.* This may exist as a confusion and a fear in many 'liberal' minds, but it is none the less a policy for all that. A policy is simply the effective direction in which one throws all one's available political weight." Today these words would be considered a little nasty even in a conservative journal, but they in fact come from an editorial (written by Barrett) in *PR*'s Summer 1946 issue.

In the fifties, Phillips's anti-Joe McCarthy credentials would pass any liberal muster, but he remains proud that he "did not succumb to the hysteria that was whipped up at the time and is now coming back again, in a kind of retroactive indignation and an attempt once more to use the abuses of McCarthyism to suggest the innocence of the Communists." If the Rosenbergs died for anyone's sins it was their own, not ours. You won't learn this from Coover or Doctorow or Garry Wills, but Phillips remembers.

Phillips seems to be such a nice man that one wishes he could have been spared the sixties. In Chapter 21 he says it was a "trying period." But this is an attempt at self-control. Come on, Bill, let it rip—let's go back to what you said in Chapter 2: "the counterculture and the new left . . . their ignorance, their petulance, their self-indulgence . . . an infantile left politics and pop culture that managed to be both alienated and modish." I hope he felt better after writing this. The decade was rough on him and the magazine, which wobbled not only from the *Zeitgeist* without but from Philip Rahv's renascent Marxism within. →

Thomas Mallon teaches English at Vassar College.

[1]William Barrett, *The Truants: Adventures Among the Intellectuals* (Doubleday, $15.95/$8.95). Some of Barrett's other charges about the various derelictions of *PR*'s writers are not nearly so well founded.

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Phillips does not find himself a happy man. He has been unable to embrace the neoconservatism that others who followed his honest, troubled route have arrived at. He is a man left with more regrets than shibboleths. The arts he loved are in a tacky muddle. Painting and writing have made too many compromises with mass culture. The modernism that *Partisan Review* championed is now something classical, the dignified and appalled parent of a lot of subgeneric bastards: "The more recent 'conceptual' and 'realistic' schools strike me as popular and perverse exploitations of the interest aroused by the abstract expressionists." And you know these kids who never had to live through the depression: "The drift of young people today has an element of middle-class self-indulgence and antipathy to the idea of work, and is not without a measure of affluence." *When I was a boy . . .*

What Phillips's life most convinces one of is that Communism was, and remains, the great Breathalyzer test of the twentieth century. What you are, and how you should be judged, depends in large measure on how you've judged it. Phillips says that "Communists represented an evil cause" (Heaven forfend a U.S. President should use that adjective, much less put "empire" after it), and much of his and others' intellectual lives have been spent positioning themselves against it as usefully and honestly as conviction would allow. So much of Phillips's memoir concerns the shiftings and modulations from Left to Right and back and back again that all the calibrations may seem comic. Recalling an argument between the Lionel Trillings and the Norman Podhoretzes, Phillips writes:

> I stayed out of the cross-fire, but I was pulled in when Diana suddenly switched to me and said the criticism of *Commentary* was not to be taken as a political approval of *PR*. I was so taken aback by Diana's sudden shift in my direction that I hardly knew what to say. Midge even became momentarily sympathetic to me, although I was further from her views than Diana and Lionel were. However, I assumed that Diana was trying, by turning on me too, to lessen the assault on Norman and to indicate she had not suddenly swung way over to the left.

Is life too short to keep track of all this? Probably, but one should fight the inclination to say so. Because all these fluctuations and personal complications have come about from attempts to deal with, yes, evil. And however much opportunism and accident have blended into the response, mostly what Phillips and the writers he edited have tried to do is respond to the dark star (read "evil empire") in whose shadow we fight for our lives, and against which most of our social changes and liberation movements, however admirable they may be, constitute a kind of luxurious fine-tuning. Phillips has come through these wars weary and disappointed, but still somehow believing "in the omnipotence of argument and reason." God help him. □

FOOL FOR LOVE: F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
Scott Donaldson/Congdon & Weed/$16.95

CLASS: A GUIDE THROUGH THE AMERICAN STATUS SYSTEM
Paul Fussell/Summit Books/$13.95

Franz M. Oppenheimer

Like sex in Freud's Vienna, social class was a taboo subject in the United States of the 1930s. At that time, unlike today, centers of power such as the large banks, industry, the leading law firms, and the Foreign Service were largely in the hands of a Waspish and predominantly Eastern seaboard upper class. Yet the sociologists then treated social class almost exclusively as a matter more or less of money, if they discussed it at all. The conventional wisdom as taught in schools and reported by foreign observers was that there were no social class distinctions in America. But as the unmentionable subject of sex in fact preoccupied the writers and painters in Vienna, so in this country class distinctions preoccupied the writers of plays and fiction ranging from critical successes to pulp magazines. Many books of John P. Marquand, John O'Hara, Philip Barry, and Christopher Morley are about little else.

It is one of the merits of Scott Donaldson's new "biographical portrait" of F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Fool for Love,* to develop the critical significance of social class in the life and work of Fitzgerald. Indeed the justification for adding another biographical study to the excellent four previous full-length biographies (those of Mizener, Turnbull, Bruccoli, and Le Vot, the last two published within the last three years) and quite a few others is Donaldson's thesis "that F. Scott Fitzgerald was driven to please other people, especially rich and prominent people" and that this drive took the form of seeking romantic love.

Today a universe dominated by romantic love and social hierarchy and the interaction between them has become almost incomprehensible. Yet such was Fitzgerald's universe. What mattered to him was love between man and woman, the pursuit of love, the survival of love, the changes of love, and the death of love. And the women to be loved by Fitzgerald and by the heroes of his fiction were high-born and high-bred. It was best if they were rich as well, but money to Fitzgerald was a fitting attribute of the well-born, not a necessary condition. He fell in love while at Princeton with Ginevra King from Lake Forest, Illinois. Donaldson writes: "The hurt of losing her never left him, and thinking about it invariably brought tears to his eyes . . . his rejection by Ginevra motivated much of his fiction . . . the wound would not heal, no matter how often he cauterized it."

And yet this great love cannot have been for someone of flesh and blood, for a particular soul and intellect. The meetings between Ginevra and Fitzgerald were few; it seems that he had fallen in love with her image before he had met her in person. She was "the golden girl," Fitzgerald's equivalent of the princess in the fairy tale, the center of his imagination. She was well-born, she was rich, she was beautiful, and she came from the place that Fitzgerald saw as the Eden of all those qualities: "Once I thought that Lake Forest was the most glamorous place in the world," he wrote his daughter Scottie in July 1940. "Maybe it was."

Nor was there ever any doubt in Fitzgerald's mind about why he had lost "his" golden girl. Like Jay Gatsby "he had reached beyond his grasp, for she came from a different social world," writes Donaldson.

Donaldson gives far more attention to Ginevra and to the loves of Fitzgerald other than his wife Zelda and his last love Sheilah Graham than do other biographers. There were Elisabeth Lemmon, Nora Flynn, Beatrice Dance, Margaret Case, Emily Vanderbilt, and others. Elisabeth Lemmon was "beautiful, cultivated and well-bred"; Nora Flynn "was the youngest of the famous Langhorne sisters of Virginia," the most famous of whom was Lady Nancy Astor; Beatrice Dance, "the first woman to make him forget Zelda," had a father "who had made a great deal of money, [and] was *'somebody'* in Texas. . . . " Indeed they all were "somebodys" in the social sense, or, as the French would put it, they were all women of whom "one knew whence they came."

Even the central love of Fitzgerald's life, that for his wife Zelda, according to Donaldson "hardly began as a romantic idyll." Here too, while Zelda's family had little money, Fitzgerald may have fallen in love in good part with the image of the Southern "belle of good family" who socially stood at the very top in Montgomery, Alabama.

All biographers of Fitzgerald, however, do write about his critical views of the upper class, expressed in stories such as "A Diamond as Big as the Ritz" and in the harsh portrayal of such as Tom Buchanan and Daisy in *The Great Gatsby* and of Nicole's family in *Tender is the Night* and in his occasional flirtations with left-wing political ideas. These biographers fail to see that such hostile projections were no more realistic than the glamorization of débutantes: Both attitudes were the result of Fitzgerald's intense social insecurities rooted in the ambiguous social station of his family at the edge of the social establishment of St. Paul; the worldly failure of his father resulting in constant changes of the family domicile, and the social condescension of the Wasp establishment of that time to Irish Roman Catholics. Fitzgerald never reached the detachment to see that the good people of Lake Forest and similar places may have been collectively neither unduly glamorous nor unusually wicked, but just folks.

It was only in the decade after Fitzgerald's death in 1940 that American sociologists discovered the social class system of their country. The great helmsman of this movement was W. Lloyd Warner of the University of Chicago. The first volume of his *magnum opus,* the Yankee City Series, *The Social Life of a Modern Community,* was published in 1941, and analyzed the social status system of Newburyport, Massachusetts, the same town that inspired some of Marquand's best fiction. Warner demonstrated the existence in Yankee City of six highly differentiated social classes, ranging from an upper upper to a lower lower class; and in 1949 published a manual for the scientific

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evaluation of status, *Social Class in America.*

Anyone who admired Paul Fussell's well-researched and original *Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars* (1980), in which there are perceptive observations about class, must be surprised by Fussell's new book *Class: A Guide Through the American Status System.* Indeed, it is difficult to believe that these two books were written by the same author. In *Class* Paul Fussell seems either ignorant or disdainful of the enormous body of literature on class in America published by W. Lloyd Warner, his colleagues and students. We know far more about class in America until, say, the sixties than Fussell appears to know. Not much less surprising is Fussell's apparent belief that nothing has changed since the heyday of John O'Hara, Fitzgerald, and other writers and scholars of the thirties, forties, and fifties whom he refers to indiscriminately in support of his own *obiter dicta* on the American class system of today. Those two omissions alone make it inevitable that Fussell's book, unlike his previous writing, is not serious. But neither is it amusing. This is not to say that Fussell never gives us an accurate observation; but when he does so he simply paraphrases what others have said a long time ago, for instance that manner of speech and a shared understanding of allusions are criteria of class. But those rare finds are drowned in a chaotic and undocumented potpourri of personal prejudices that make one wonder whether *Class* was not written as a spoof.

"Can a higher-class person live in Lynchburg, Virginia?" Professor Fussell asks, and proceeds to answer: "Probably not, since that town is the origin of Dr. Jerry Falwell's radio emissions, the site of his church, and the mailing address for free-will offerings." The two-button suit, the good professor tells us, "is more prole [Fussellspeak for lower class] than the three-button Eastern-establishment model." President Kennedy and many a Saville Row tailor would have been startled to hear that. A black raincoat fares no better: "a highly trustworthy prole sign." Roses just might pass for "upper-middle-class flowers . . . except for bright red ones." "And the very kind of ice cream you like has class meaning. Vanilla is at the top, with chocolate considerably below. Strawberry and other fruit flavors are near the bottom." On the other hand, the middle class "is the natural audience for the unreadable second-rate pretentious, books by James Gould Cozzens, John Steinbeck, Pearl Buck, Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet,* the mass merchandise of Herman Wouk, John Hersey, and Irwin Shaw . . . "

On the usage of words, Professor Fussell is equally provocative. According to him, upper class Americans do refer to some kinds of parties as "affairs"; and it is more upper to say "black-tie" than "dinner jacket." Generally, Fussell observes the decline of proper English usage only in the middle class; he must have been wearing earmuffs when he mixed with the other classes. He believes it to be hopelessly middle class "to inscribe 'Regrets Only' " on social invitations; according to him, well-bred people would write "No's Only."

It appears that once Professor Fussell sat down to throw together this book, he was not much bothered by what for more finicky authors would be the limits of a chosen subject matter. He uses the fact that certain colleges have been associated with the traditions of the American upper class to drag in a diatribe of seven pages about the low standards of most American colleges and universities. In that context also Professor Fussell displays his ignorance of how things have changed since the fifties, by quoting an ironical passage from *The Preppy Handbook* apparently as evidence for the proposition that "a good prep school" is "an efficient 'feed' into the Ivy." Many a Paulie who failed to get into Yale under Kingman Brewster's glorious reign must have read the passage with more than mixed feelings. They knew, and we know, that during the sixties preppies were discriminated against by admissions officers of the Ivy League colleges, as were the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of alumni.

Those particular excesses of the sixties have been cured since; but such ebb and flow is just one of the multitude of signs that the American class system has been and continues to be in revolutionary flux. Professor Fussell writes that a "virtually bottomless social gulf opens between those who when introduced say 'Pleased to meet you' and those who say 'How do you do?' " Such was undoubtedly the case in the Professor's and in my day; but it is no longer the case. Just before Christmas these ears of mine heard at least five (5!) "pleased to meet you's" at a small cocktail party, rare nowadays, where everybody present was an alumnus or alumna of the right Eastern schools and colleges. The young no longer know what is taboo.

In the absence of new research of the scope and depth of that of W. Lloyd Warner and his contemporaries we can only speculate on the reasons for these changes. One may be the explosive geographic mobility of Americans since 1945, described in Vance Packard's *A Nation of Strangers.* According to him the richest and the best educated are the most likely to move from city to city. Such moves must corrode the core of the traditional upper upper class, which Warner calls the "old family" class. In *Social Class in America* he wrote that the families who belong to that class have been in the community for "at least three generations and preferably more," and that " 'old family' means not only old in the community but old to the class." Yet today a corporation will think nothing about transferring a Cabot from Boston to Lynchburg, Virginia; and the Cabot will go there, Professor Fussell to the contrary notwithstanding.

Another reason for the changes in the American class system may well have been the "affirmative" recruiting policies of the leading prep schools during the sixties. So long as the vast majority of students in those schools came from the same social class, the schools served as upper class melting pots, blending regional differences of speech and dress into a recognizable single type. Those from the West, the South, and the Middle West adjusted their ways to those of the Eastern seaboard. But with affirmative action the minimum of homogeneity necessary for such a blending may no longer have been present; and instead of imposing some upper class common denominator of speech, the slang and idioms of blacks, the flower children, and the drug culture were the only influences that now affected the speech of all.

What happened at the prep schools was only one symptom of the country's general liberation from prejudice. One can rejoice in that liberation and yet be aware that like all great leaps forward it also had its negative effects. In the time of Fitzgerald and O'Hara the great prep schools and universities like the upper upper core of American cities were not only citadels of snobbery, and they were that, but also the stewards of a continuous cultural tradition. We have yet to discover whether a culture and a communicable language can survive without any such custodians. □

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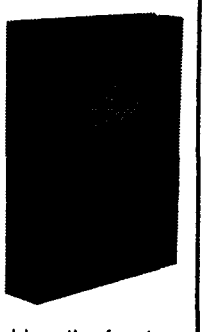

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

plainly misunderstood the book. Mr. Chesterton does not defend the Faith on the basis of some *post hoc ergo propter hoc* rationale as Brookhiser alleges, because its adherents "lead happier, sturdier, and more wholesome lives" ("The Power of Papal Thinking"). Rather than this Calvinist doctrine, Chesterton urges us to see Orthodoxy as a "perilous . . . whirling adventure." "In my [Chesterton's] vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect."

Mr. Brookhiser compares G.K. unfavorably with C.S. Lewis, and yet that great Christian writer deeply admired Chesterton's *Everlasting Man.* "For the first time [I] saw the whole Christian outline of history set out in a form that seemed to me to make sense. . . . You will remember that I already thought Chesterton the most sensible man alive 'apart from his Christianity.'" So much for the "tawdry thoughts" behind G.K.'s "tawdry rhetoric," evident as such only to Brookhiser.

Rick Brookhiser is a fine writer guilty of a superficial, "weak and shoddy" review of the jolliest of journalists. —*Paul N. Arnold, M.D.*
Iowa City, Iowa

Richard Brookhiser replies:
Leave aside the question of style, especially since I didn't damn all of Chesterton's books, only some of the most popular. What about the question of fact: Is his characteristic apologetic procedure to reason backwards from effects? I reach for my copy of *Orthodoxy,* the Image Books paperback, and find, on the back cover: "I wish to set forth my faith as particularly answering . . . the need for that mixture of the familiar and the unfamiliar which Christendom has rightly named romance. . . . We need so to view the world as to combine an idea of wonder and an idea of welcome. We need to be happy in this wonderland without once being merely comfortable. It is *this* achievement of my creed that I shall chiefly pursue in these pages."

Lewis took Chesterton just right—as an inspiration, not a model.

Biographical Insights
Here is an item that may qualify for your "Current Wisdom" section.

Recently I purchased *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* as advertised in your magazine. Leafing through the "Dictionary of Biography" in the supplements section I happened upon the name of:

Stalin, Joseph Vissarionovich (b. Dzugashvili), Soviet statesman; secretary of the Communist party; premier (1941-53), 1879-1953.

Then I wondered how his contemporary Hitler fared. He was classified (among other things) as a "dictator." This aroused my curiosity, so in addition to Stalin and Hitler I looked up: Castro; Franco; Ho Chi Minh; Mao Tse-tung; Mussolini; and Tito.

The only "dictators" in this group were Franco, Hitler, Mussolini, and Tito. Apparently, the "current wisdom" is that Communists are not "dictators" except (as in the case of Tito) when they happen to disagree with that great Soviet statesman, Stalin. —*Theodore J. Rosinski*
Schenectady, New York

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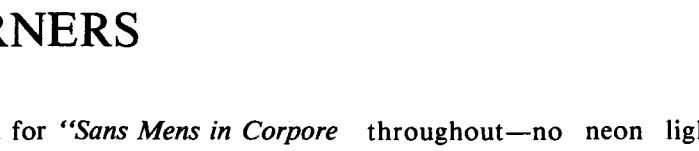

THE MILWAUKEE TURNERS

by J. David Hoeveler, Jr.

Schlitz is gone. The massive fortress of aged brick that stood for a century as a brewery landmark is deathly still, its imperial wrought-iron gate with bright Schlitz logo no longer open to the hundreds of daily visitors that once toured the plant and afterward tasted Schlitz's several varieties in the friendly confines of the "Brown Bottle" pub. No, today you have to go across town to Pabst and Miller for that kind of indulgence. But from the vacated Schlitz plant you are still in walking distance of German traditions that yet thrive in this city. On Fourth Street between State and Highland is a three-story structure built of "Cream City" brick, designed by the same architect who gave us the City Hall. It is the home of the Milwaukee Turners.

Stop in during the day to have lunch or to enjoy some Pschorr Brau dark. For this is a place the Germans made. But few know how radical was the Turner past. This organization not only stood for *"Sans Mens in Corpore Sano"* ("A Sound Mind in a Sound Body"), as its motto still reminds us; in the early nineteenth century the Turners linked that spirit to political reform in their homeland—parliamentary government and national unity. For such sentiments they were outlawed in 1819. But the revolutions three decades later renewed their spirit and their activism. Turners, victims again of a losing cause, were numerous among the '48ers who came to the United States and found its tolerant atmosphere congenial. In Milwaukee, this "German Athens," Old World customs flourished, and not only gymnastics. Singing societies, debate clubs, theater and coffee houses, and beer gardens—all gave Milwaukee its singular flavor of high culture and frivolity. Yankee Puritans east of the Milwaukee River were not amused.

Turners activities began here in 1853 and members did their tumbling at Bielfeld's Beer Garden. The present home is one hundred years old. And it is full of history. Leaded stained-glass and hardwood elegance prevail throughout—no neon lights and jukeboxes here. But don't miss a closer look. Tour the perimeter and study the framed photographs to catch the spirit and pride of nineteenth-century urban life. Here is the Milwaukee Drum Corps, nearby the Milwaukee Indian Club Swingers, and down a way Lincoln's Turners Bodyguard, present for the 1861 Inauguration, and thirteen of the group still surviving in 1911.

The Turners flourished through the nineteenth century and their gymnasts won in international competition. But then the two world wars made things German unpopular in America. In Milwaukee the German center city was breaking up and forming its modern-day diaspora. The Turners ceased to conduct their meetings in German and in 1940 the "Turn Verein Milwaukee" became "The Milwaukee Turners," a change as it turned out that helped this landmark (listed with the City and National Register of Historic Places) preserve its public character. No special clientele dominates the lunch-time crowd. Lawyers from the D.A.'s office mix with schoolteachers. Journalists and business women stop in, as do painters and construction workers. During the winter months look for Don Nelson and some of the Milwaukee Bucks, and you may also see an occasional derelict off the streets.

But that's a rare thing. For the Turners defies the conventional wisdom that views today's public drinking house as the home of drifters and jaded swingers. Indeed, The Turners remains very much a family affair, of which the Friday night "Fish Fry" is one small measure. But visit the rest of the building, the larger dining room with the painted murals of Austrian and German landscapes, and especially the gymnasium on the east side of the building. Family exercise programs and classes start for children at the age of four. Business groups enroll for instruction. The Turners have even gone a bit modern—saunas, "slimnastics" for weightwatchers, and aerobics. But you don't have to be a health-nut to enjoy the Turners. Take the family to the exercise room and go back to the bar for the Pschorr Brau dark. □

J. David Hoeveler, Jr. is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

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CURRENT WISDOM

The New York Times

From a *New York Times* interview, more of the Rev. J. Jackson's gorgeous elocutions which have so stirred the capital fellows of the press that they all now solemnly concur that he is, in the words of the *Wall Street Journal,* "easily the most eloquent candidate of either party." Admire the eloquence:

There's within this country a growing sense of insecurity within, the American people feeling unprotected. Many people are feeling unprotected by law, that the Justice Department is not committed to justice. . . .

For example, if the Voting Rights Act was enforced in the South adequately and you could end the second primary in the 10 Deep South states, where 53 percent of all blacks live, and there is only one black college person out of 115 and no statewide officials 18 years later. Of course at that rate, it would take 190 years to achieve parity. . . .

Women will all be protected in the South if the Voting Rights Act is enforced, and they are our natural allies. Since 70 percent of all poor children live in a house headed by a woman where there is no man, to enfranchise women is to protect the children. The women who go out into the workforce will then end right-to-work laws because you will have the power to do so. Thus workers will get paid for their work. . . .

When you empower the poor they then have self-determination and they deal from the ability to protect themselves, so the poor in that instance do not need to be embellished. They need to be empowered. They don't need so much aid. You know, people need aid when trade is cut off. People need aid when they are otherwise disallowed the ability to protect themselves, so that's what's most important now. . . .

We need an American President who will be glad to meet the head of the Soviet Union anywhere, any time, unconditionally but only agree conditionally. . . .

When leaders talk together the tension is relieved. When they talk, they act. And when they act, they change things. Only an agreement between the President of this country and the head of the Soviet Union will give them the security to then convince their constituencies to begin to roll back the arms buildup, so peace really begins in the mind of two leaders in this instance. . . .

And the more we know each other, the more we can have a mutual appreciation of each other's ways and means to survive. With the Soviet Union our course must be that of coexistence and not co-annihilation and it must be a policy that takes into account that we can, we need not, our objective is not to proselytize them or to convert them. But to coexist with them and to expand our trade relations. . . .

America has a vital interest in peace in the Middle East. We have a moral interest because people are there. . . .

We have an interest in the nonpartitioning of and the territorial integrity of Lebanon. The normalized ties with all Arab nations. . . .

Essentially as when Reagan says that they're in our back door. It's our next door. That language—psycholinguistically it expresses a certain measure of contempt—no different than Meese not seeing hungry people or some of the things that finally got Watt run out. . . .

The approach of gunboat diplomacy, bigstick diplomacy, nuclear threat, military exercises off of the coast, is a bad approach. And it is the assumption in time that we can officially oppress an idea whose time has come, but it will not happen. If there's any message that Christmas has it is that you may lock hope out of the inn, it can even flourish in the stable. An idea whose time has come can live under the most adverse of conditions, and the people who have been victims of a banana republic—their time for independence and self-determination and self-government has come.

[December 28, 1983]

The Ann Arbor News

Adventure and calamity of a modern-day academic pursuing Truth at the venerable University of Michigan:

A former University of Michigan researcher who sued the U-M over alleged "psychic eavesdropping" Thursday was told by a federal judge to rewrite his 800-page complaint in "simple English" for a "simple-minded judge."

Jerry P. Cawley, 31, was given 30 days by U.S. District Judge John Feikens to submit the revised claim so the judge can rule on the U-M's motion for dismissal.

Earlier this year Cawley sued the U-M, its regents, officials of the Institute of Social Research, the U.S. government, the National Science Foundation and state and federal attorney generals. He alleged fraud in handling of research funds and invasion of his privacy through "psychic eavesdropping" at ISR, where he participated in a research project for three years but was later fired.

Cawley, now pursuing a doctorate in political science, claimed that secret, illegal parapsychological research is conducted at the U-M and other schools across the country. He said he was subjected to such research, with his thoughts and mind being invaded.

[September 24, 1983]

Goldmine Magazine

A review of many marvels seen in "The Peace Museum" in Chicago by an enthralled dope:

Participants included Yoko Ono (who'd donated several key pieces, including the guitars used in the Lennon/Ono Bed-In's of 1969, photos of the early, later and post-group Beatles, gold records, the original manuscript for "Say The Word (And You'll Be Free)" and the "WAR IS OVER" billboard), Joan Baez, Malvina Reynolds, Laura Nyro, Randy Newman, Pete Seeger, Country Joe McDonald, Willie Dixon, Stevie Wonder, Rita Marley and U2.

Some of the less-expected items of musical/political cross-pollination include a color pinup from *16* Magazine featuring the Monkees with a quote: "Ain't Peace Grand?", and a loudly-symbolic poster for the Chicago installment of the 1979 "Rock Against Racism" concert in Lincoln Park, in which ethnic groups are called by their vernacular names against a postal map of Chicago, with arrows pointing to zip codes largely inhabited by each.

One of the great realizations to emerge from the exhibit, however, is that the peace movement in pop culture long predates the emergence of Bob Dylan or Joan Baez. In fact, the museum's curatorial staff took great delight in discovering that one early "protest" singer/songwriter, Vern Partlow, was not only alive and well, but boasting "nearly total recall" of his censored hit song, "Old Man Atom."

[November 1983]

Old Oregon

The sound of a United States Congressman on the prowl 2,029 miles from home and surrounded by pretty faces:

The keynote speaker, U.S. Rep. Paul Simon of Illinois, called on graduates to help build bridges of understanding to the rest of the world in order to help avert a nuclear catastrophe.

He urged graduates to travel and to take an interest in foreign visitors to the United States.

"This country spends more on construction of one-quarter mile of interstate highway than on all faculty and student exchange programs with the Soviet Union and Warsaw Pact countries," Simon told the crowd.

"That's clearly not a rational ordering of priorities" at a time when people "have the power to destroy the world," the Eugene native and former UO journalism student said.

"If 50 years ago we had had a foreign exchange program with Ronald Reagan at the University of Moscow and Yuri Andropov at the University of Oregon, we would be living in a vastly different world today," Simon said.

[July 1983]

Our Sunday Visitor

Huge problems faced by New Age holy woman Sister Hart as she endeavors to purvey the wisdom of the New Theology, to wit: "God is not dead, but he *is* an idiot":

Sister Hart, a former high school teacher, said she recently spent a day giving an overview of the pastoral to students at a boys' high school. "I decided at the end of the day that was not the way to go," she said. "The pastoral is too dense. The whole conceptual framework needs to be there in order for someone to understand it."

She said the boys were "terribly bored" by the presentation, and not just her own, but also that of an intern in her office who is a graduate of the school.

In addition to the boredom, Sister Hart said, she found many students objecting to the general orientation of the pastoral, with "rhetoric" apparently brought from home about the dangers of being "soft on the Russians," and questions along the line of "What do the bishops know about this?"

Sister Hart said that a lot of resistance to the pastoral arose from a narrow view of religion, and that "pre-evangelization" was needed to prepare for understanding it.

[July 17, 1983]

The Washington Post

News of an amazing breakthrough for poor America certain to presage a strong plea by candidate Mondale for a Federal Charwoman's Corps:

Doctors have found that lead poisoning of children, one of the severest health problems in poor neighborhoods, can be reduced dramatically by persistently washing floors and children's hands.

This simple idea was tested on preschoolers in Baltimore by doctors from Baltimore's Sinai Hospital and University of Rochester scientists.

The study enrolled 14 children and their families, and a "dust-control team" visited each home twice a month to wetmop rooms and window sills. Parents were encouraged to wash these areas another two or three times a week, and see that children had their hands washed before meals and bedtimes.

Traditional lead abatement measures had also been taken in these homes, as well as the homes of 20 children with no dust-control effort. Lead levels in the dust-controlled children dropped by nearly a fifth, but stayed the same, on average, in the other children.

[November 4, 1983]

The Los Angeles Times

Another lucid pronunciamento from Gloria Steinem, editor and cacelocutionist:

Not surprisingly, her reservations about therapy stem, for the most part, from her feminism.

"I have had two biases against it. One was a pre-feminist Midwestern practical kind of, 'Gee, I could do something *real* with this money as opposed to, you know . . . ' The other was sort of unconscious pre-feminist, conscious post-feminist resistance because of all the Freudians—it's just all this stuff that women were being told to do. I realize that that has changed now, but I still have never thought seriously about it for myself. I've always been able to function. If I were totally unable to function, that would be different."

[December 4, 1983]

The North Carolina Christian Advocate

A theological judgment with large geopolitical ramifications from the intellectual organ of the United Methodist Church of the Tar Heel State:

Hugging may just be the answer to world tensions that we've been searching for. Maybe the more we hug one another the less likely we will be to shoot each other. Yes, definitely; hating is "out," hugging is "in." Hug somebody today.

[November 1, 1983]

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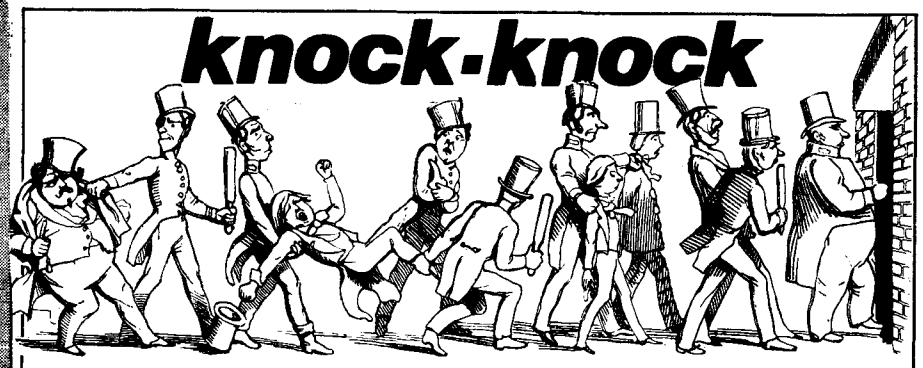

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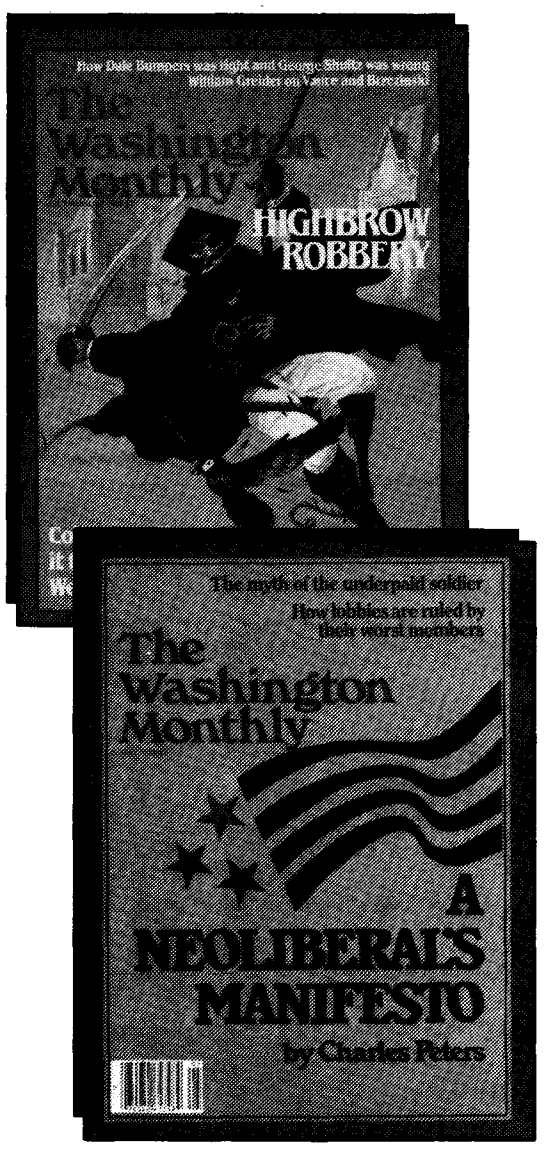

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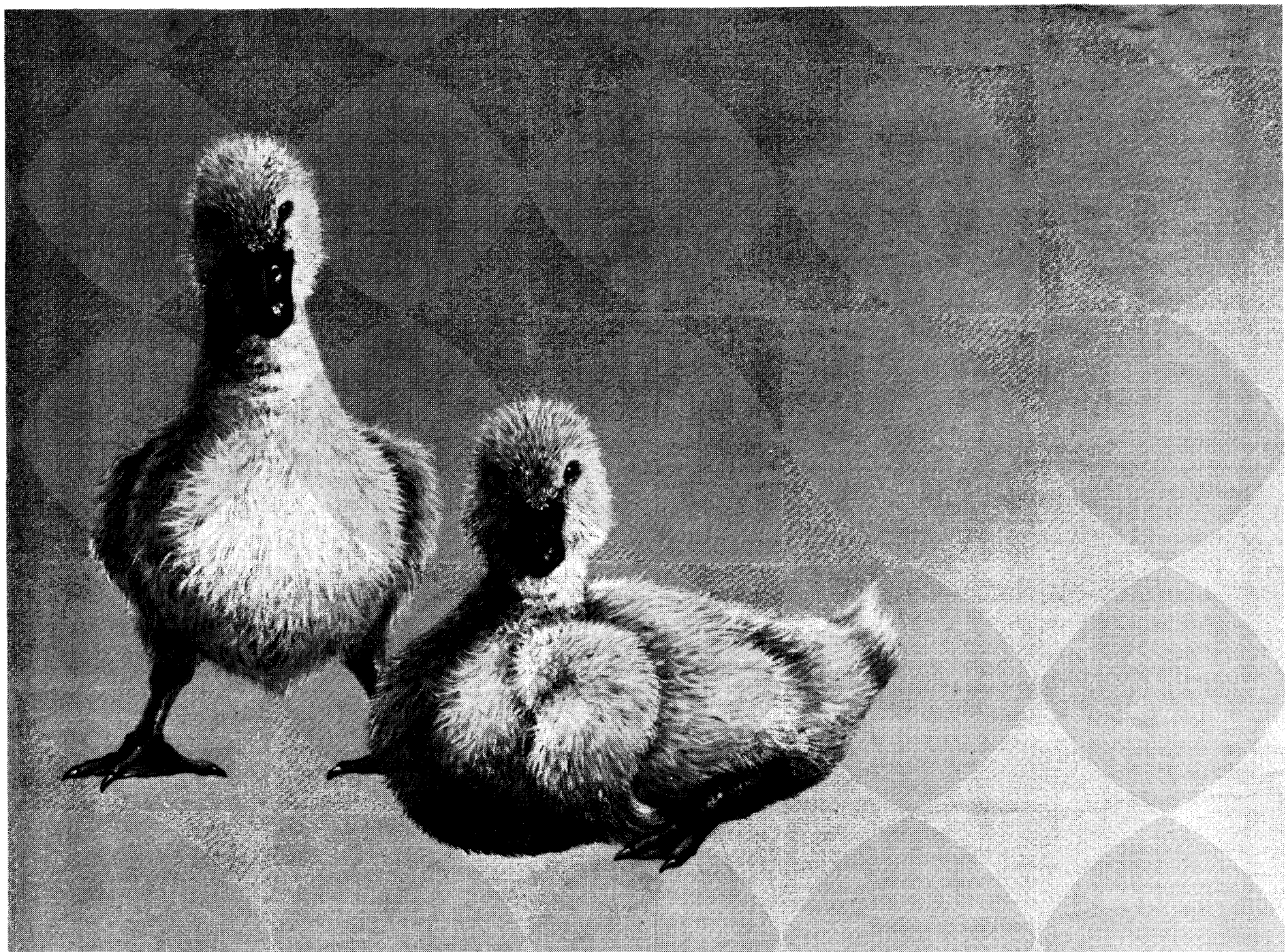

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